

DISCORDER

OCTOBER 2002

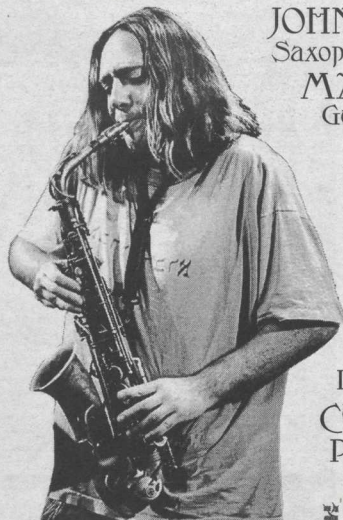
THAT Ghetto
MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9 FM



ELDRITCH HORRORS ABOMINATE WITHIN!
THE DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS!
INTERPOL! OXES! GOSSIP!
FLEE WHILE YOU CAN, HUMAN! FLEE!



John Zorn's ELECTRIC MASADA



JOHN ZORN

Saxophone

MARC RIBOT

Guitar

JOHN MEDESKI

Organ

JAMIE SAFT

Keyboards

TREVOR DUNN

Bass

KENNY WOLLESEN

Drums

CIRO BAPTISTA

Percussion

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 8 • VOGUE THEATRE

Tickets: Black Swan, Highlife, Scratch, Zulu, Ditch Records and
Ticketmaster (604.280.4444 www.ticketmaster.ca)

Tickets purchased for original venue will be honored at the Vogue

a **Zulu**

event

604.879.4990

www.zulu.ca

straight

DISCORDER

ISSUE 234 • OCTOBER 2002 • THAT BATRACHIAN MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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Cover

Robin Bougie provided the gut-wrenchingly horrific illustration of the Darkest of the Hillside Thickets that graces the cover this month. He also draws funny pictures and dirty pictures. See his other stuff in his zines, Deviant and Cinema Sewer.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the November issue is October 16th. Ad space is available until October 23th and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: ctrmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA. Ila, Shu-Niggurath, Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young!

printed in canada



SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

THURSDAY OCTOBER 3

AURAL ASSAULT

Magnetic Entertainment proudly brings a slammin' night of drum'n'bass and house. Main Room - TeeDot and Vancouver rine it out: Toronto - DJ ILLFINGAS (Fortress Records); DJ RA (Jedi Records); URBAN J Vancouver - SYROUS, LIFEFORCE, AWOL, DABBLER & SHERWOOD.

Room 2 - The Red Room: House with JAY C. & JESSE HILLS. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10.00

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 9

CHIHAYA - LIVE @ GRANDE

GHAN & RIZK welcome the sweetest newcomer to the r&b world to their grounds. Chihaya with her exotic voice and style will be featured at this special showcase performance. Come check her out (her latest track made the top 5 on the Beat 94.5fm). R&B, hip-hop, old school, and reggae flavours.

Doors 9pm/Cover \$7.00

THURSDAY OCTOBER 10

DI RAP (Proper Talent - UK)

A very special treat for MAGIC MOUNTAIN TICKET HOLDERS who didn't get to see her this summer (sorry entrance for only \$20). This will be her first door-to-door since she arrived early if you still have your ticket. DI RAP is definitely the female junglist at the forefront, working side by side next to big guns such as Kenny Ken, Grooverider, Aphrodite and Diesel Boy to name a few. Get ready for another Sonar debut special, as she rines it out at her very first club appearance in Vancouver ever. Plus DJ's Dabblor, Grooverobber, Czech and Horse. Doors 9:30pm/\$5.00 for Magic Mountain ticket holders/\$15.00 without.

TUESDAY OCTOBER 15

LORI THE HI-FI PRINCESS (NYC) @ TACTICAL

Back in '93, she began establishing herself in the underground in Victoria, BC. Over the past 4 years she has exploded world-wide and is now constantly touring huge festivals in Europe, as well as headlining American superclubs with names like Timo Maas, Richie Hawtin and Mistress Barbara. Driving Deep Techno. www.damndjs.com/dam/lorhi.html Doors 9pm/\$7.00 Advance tx available at Bassix, Boomtown, Zulu \$10.00 at the door (subject to capacity)

THURSDAY OCTOBER 17

KRAFTY KUTS (Finger Lickin' Records/Against the Grain - UK) @ LIME

One of the men behind the Finger Lickin' Records Empire (the world's largest breaks label) returns to us for a session of white labels and dope scratching as never heard before. 2 Previous appearances at Lime have proven to be mad so don't be left outside the door. Plus Lime records, CZECH & GROOVEROBBER. www.fingerlickin.co.uk Doors 9:30pm/\$13.00 Advance tx available @ Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Hypnotik (New West)

SUNDAY OCTOBER 20

MR. SCRUFF (Ninja Tune - UK)

Move it or lose it, feel good times are around the corner as the fish man cometh for another "keep it unreal" experience. Expect to hear some new gems and classics as ZGullia calls over Mr. Scruff to reveal songs from his new Trouser Jazz album. www.mrscruff.com Doors 9pm/\$14.00 Advance tx available @ Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Scratch, Vinyl, Sonar (no s.d.), Zulu

THURSDAY OCTOBER 24

ELECTROCLASH 2002 FALL TOUR featuring:

Peaches, Chicks On Speed, W.I.T., Tracy + The Plastics & Larry Tee

The seminal characters behind the movement known to post new wavers and retro enthusiasts as Electroclash are on the road. Raw and sexy like rock'n'roll with a punk-like d.i.y. approach. Modern and tracky with dance elements and major glam factor it'll fill with edgy fashion and artistic flair. The sapping tour for electro egos. www.electroclash.com www.kitty-yo.net Doors 9pm/\$14.00 Advance tx available @ Noise, Red Cat (Main St), Scratch, Teenage Rampage (Quebec & Broadway) and Zulu / \$15.00 at the door (subject to capacity)

SATURDAY OCTOBER 26

JULIUS PAPP (Large Music, Paper Recordings - San Jose, CA) @ INSIDE

Julius Papp returns to our city, this time to work the inside floor. He's the DJ, who for many years has held down numerous weekly residencies in both the San Jose and San Francisco area. He's the producer who has released on major labels, many of his signature dance works which incorporate jazz, downtempo, funk, hip hop influences. Another special Inside edition, with The House of Venus, Dickey Doc, Todd Omaton, + Clarence & His SoulJazzCrew. <http://schraap.free.fr/inlink/pap/pufu.html> www.large-music.com Doors 9pm/Cover \$15.00

THURSDAY OCTOBER 31

SONAR HALLOWEEN THRILLER

The scariest and by far the ugliest event of the year (on purpose). Our Freakshow First String DJ's dishin' out the funk of forty thousand years. Free cover for hellish costumes (note: budget plastic masks bought with Club Z Points don't count). Creativity is your ticket, not to mention our sponsors will be lurking about with tons of swag pickin' out the most deserving of costumes. Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

coming soon...

THURSDAY November 7 - DIESELBOY

SUNDAY November 10 - DJ HEATHER & MARK GRANT

THURSDAY November 14 - KID KOALA

MON CONTEXTE HIP HOP TUE TACTICAL PROGRESSIVE GROOVES

WED GRANDE R&B HIP HOP THR WEEKLY ROTATION SPECIAL EVENTS

FR1 DIRTY DEEDS HIP HOP FUNK BREAKS SAT INSIDE HOUSE

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sonar.bc.ca
nordictrax IT**

Open: 9pm-2am
 Club: [604] 683.6695
 Visual styling by: URBAN

Sound system by:
 TurboSound

EVERY TUESDAY

DISCO
TRONIC

DYNAMYTE

BLOWIN' UP
THE SPOT!!!

djchiclet
mcvelvet k
drblue
the funkytastic
sugar cookies

prizes
COURTESY
OF
PAUL
BOMB

IT'S GOIN' OFF!!

Look divine, get past the line! Disco gear ensures
priority entry - Prizes for best disco duos
peep us online at: www.discofronic.org

COMMODORE
BALLROOM

OCTOBER 3

Noble House Entertainment Presents

sashaairdrawndagger

Sasha @sasha.com 4 Hour Set
Excavation, Delta Heavy, Balance Promote Group
United Kingdom

Sean Cusick
Frederick Industries, Balance Promote Group
Canada, Florida

Sign start

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 4

doves

new album
The Last Broadcast
in stores now

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 12

**SUPREME
BEINGS OF
LEISURE**



with special guest
BRIAN AUGER
of Culture

www.ableisure.com

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 13

violent femmes

with special guest John Bisagna

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND MIDWIFE

COMMODORE BALLROOM



SPECIAL RESIDENCY TOUR FROM NEW ZEALAND
3 CITY 3 DAY RESIDENCY VANCOUVER/LOS ANGELES/SAN FRANCISCO

BIC RUNGA

OCTOBER 15

OCTOBER 28 + NOVEMBER 5

GREEN ROOM

FORMERLY THE MEDIA CLUB

OCTOBER 15

SEVENDUST

EARLY SHOW

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 16

String Cheese Incident AFTER PARTY
FROM BOSTON, CRUCIAL JAZZ-FUNKATEERS

The Slip



LATE SHOW:
DOORS 11PM

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 16

EARLY SHOW:
DOORS 8PM



BARNONE RECORDING ARTIST

**MASON
JENNINGS
BAND**

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 17

the NEW DEAL online - www.thenewdeal.ca

**the
NEW
DEAL**

live, progressive, breakbeat, house

with guests

GAVIN FROOME

live PA (Nordlo Trax)

LUKE McKEEHAN

DJ set (Nordlo Trax, Sonar)

tickets also at Zulu,
Futuristic Flavor, and Bassix

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

PURCHASE TICKETS **ONLINE** AT hob.ca OR ticketmaster.ca

FRIDAY OCTOBER 18



JURASSIC 5
POWER BY NUMBERS TOUR
WITH SPECIAL GUEST
PLANET ASIA

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 24



amon tobín
PREFUSE 73 BONOBO DJ P-LOVE
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, BASSY AND BOOMTOWN
COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 25

from New York early show

Mindless Self-Indulgence



RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

SATURDAY OCTOBER 26

BEENIE MAN
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
SILVER CAT KIRK DAVIS
PLUS SPECIAL GUEST
ONE HIDDEN BAND

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 27



THE BITCH IS BACK TOUR 2002
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRAP, ZULU, SCRATCH, HIGHLIFE & NOIZE! RECORDS • SHOW TIME: 8:00PM
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 1

early show

Emm Gryner & Andy Stochansky
tickets also available at Zulu & Highlife
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NOVEMBER 2

EARLY SHOW

TELAN AND SARA
born in the 80's tour
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NOVEMBER 3

hobobastank
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
greenwheel & hometown hero
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NOVEMBER 6

NEKO CASE
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
JIM AND JENNIE AND THE PINETOPS
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLIFE AND SCRATCH
COMMODORE BALLROOM

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10

CELEBRATE THE FUNK
"ALL NIGHT LONG"
MONDAY IS A HOLIDAY!

GEORGE CLINTON AND PARLIAMENT-FUNKMOLDC
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 19



beth orton
special acoustic performance
with special guests
EARLY SHOW!
DOORS 7:00PM, SHOW 7:30PM
Tickets also at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife, and Noize
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 27

Universal Recording artists
from Iceland

Sigur Ros
Featuring
Aminia
with special guest **SIGGI ARMANN**
doors 6:30pm
show 7:30pm
WWW.SIGUR-ROS.COM
Tickets also at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife, and Noize
VOGUE THEATRE

NOVEMBER 27



thievery corporation
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE
COMMODORE BALLROOM

ticketmaster 604-280-4444 / www.ticketmaster.ca

at LARGE entertainment

TICKETS available at Zulu, Scratch, Nois, Teenage Rampage, Red Cat, Audiophile, and Ticketmaster.

All shows are 19+.

OCTOBER **oct 05** \$12

The Royal [1029 Granville]

THE GOSSIP [Kill Rock Stars]
A LUNA RED [GSL / Action Driver]
THE NONS

OCTOBER **oct 09** \$14 / \$15

Richard's on Richards [1036 Richards]

the punk-o-rama tour!
GUTTERMOUTH
AUTHORITY ZERO
1208

OCTOBER **oct 15** \$11

The Picadilly [620 W. Pender]

ENON [Touch N Go / ex-Brainiac]
THE HELIO SEQUENCE
with guests

OCTOBER **oct 18** \$12 / \$14

Richard's On Richards [1036 Richards]

PEDRO THE LION [Dade Tree]
SELDOM
SCIENTIFIC

OCTOBER **oct 19** \$13 / \$15

Richard's On Richards [1036 Richards]

BRIGHT EYES [Saddle Creek / with full touring orchestra]
M. WARD
THE BRUCES

OCTOBER **oct 24** \$14 / \$15

Sonar [66 Water]

the electroclash tour!
PEACHES
CHICKS ON SPEED
TRACY + THE PLASTICS
W.I.T.
DJ LARRY TEE

OCTOBER **oct 28** \$15 / \$16

Richard's On Richards [1036 Richards]

THE DONNAS [Lookout Records]
YOUR ENEMIES FRIENDS
with guests

OCTOBER **oct 29** \$12 / \$14

Richard's On Richards [1036 Richards]

HOT WATER MUSIC
THRICE
COHEED AND CAMBRIA

COMING SOON: The Scene Creamers, The Black Heart Procession, Hot Hot Heat / The Dismemberment Plan, The Anniversary / Burning Brides, Add N To X / Soviet, Wesley Willis, The Tigerbeats Tour and more!

vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Acoustic Age (Crusty)

Most of the time an acoustic compilation means that you can expect to hear something pretty, gentle, or subtle. Most of these 24 tracks make use of nothing more than a guitar and singer, but in the fine tradition of the Crusty label this CD is still loaded with roaring male vocals and songs that are prickly, smart-assed, snarly, and even rude. In an environment like this, tracks from **Tail, Dark, and Lonesome** and **JPS's** immitable Gerry Jen (one of the two female entries) are standouts, but it's the lyrics that make some of these songs truly fun. "You'll always come in second to my guitar, but I love you like I love drinking beer," **Ryan Thomson** starts off on his track, and continues, "Show me your tits and then take me to your alcohol!" Austin, Texas's **Tail, Dark, and Lonesome** manages to deliver a truly touching song that grows unexpectedly out of the lines, "You were a punk/You had your hair striped like a skunk/And held it up with some

kind of junk/That smelled so sweet it stunk." **Nipples Arcola** sings about a guy with a piss and shit fetish, and the aptly-named **Vancouver's Shame** have a song called "Your Face, My Ass," which is even ruder than it sounds. Then of course there's **Joe "Shithead" Keithley, Mr Plow, Ani Kyd**, and more. <crusty_records@hotmail.com>

THE DEPARTMENT

Be Your Friend (Trapp)

The Department (formerly **Hot Binge Bitch**) is almost entirely a guy named **Tyler Brett**, with a voice that's a little like **Donovan's** on a melancholy day. And this turns out to be just the thing for a lot of these tracks. Brett does have a sense of humour, though, and does things like mock **Van Halen's** "Jump" (okay, an easy target) and lift the piano from the **Carpenters** "Close to You." While most of the songs would have to fall under the general category of moody indiepop, there are also vaguely industrial (although perhaps ironic) moments, satellite sounds, and

even a kind of children's song, "We're Mad," that runs for less than a minute. <theadpt_@hotmail.com>

SPARROW

s/t

(Independent)

I've been waiting a very long time to review this one, mainly because I keep thinking I'll suddenly know what to make of it. **Sparrow** is **Jason Zumpano**, someone who has a reputation for playing in actual bands and writing catchy songs. If it wasn't for **Blaine Thurier's** explanation and endorsement on the back of the cover, just about anyone would think they'd put the wrong CD in the machine because Sparrow is entirely instrumental, and a great deal of this is just a single piano. Often built on slow arpeggios, the tracks are sometimes pretty, sometimes dreamy, and sometimes a little ominous, yet always so understated that it's hard not to yearn for things to pick up a little. But the extreme restraint seems to be the point here. Breathe deeply and don't fight it. •

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

I am more beautiful than stained glass! I am more colourful than a rainbow! The marks on my skin are brighter than a star at night! I just got a new tattoo!

I have six tattoos in total. I got my first one when I was 16. It's a tilted can of beer with a Canadian flag on the label. It's located on the small of my back, so it looks like beer is being poured down my ass crack! I love that tattoo. It's still my favourite, even though so many years have gone by.

The biggest tattoo I have is on my ass. It's a drawing of Mick Jagger's bare ass. Actual size! I was obsessed with the Rolling Stones when I was 19, so I had Jock, my tattoo artist, ink Mick Jagger's ass right on top of my ass. It's funny 'cause when people see that tattoo, they know it's Mick's ass right away. I think the colour of the outline, the exact red from the Rolling Stone tongue, gives it away.

I also have a tattoo on my tongue, right down the middle. It says KISS. Isn't that clever? I love KISS, and having that

band's name on my tongue, well, what can I say, except that it's poetry.

The secret tattoo I have is on my left breast. I'm going to tell you about it since most of you have no hope of ever seeing it. The only band I ever loved more than the Rolling

When I heard "Under the Bridge" I was so blown away by its poignancy that I rushed to Jock's Parlour and asked him to tattoo the RHCP logo around my left nipple, so it could be close to my heart.

Stones was the Red Hot Chili Peppers. When I heard "Under the Bridge" I was so blown away by its poignancy that I rushed to Jock's Parlour and asked him to tattoo the RHCP logo around my left nipple, so it could be close to my heart.

The only tattoo that I regret getting is the one on my back. It's the outline of the letters T and V with a picture of Tom Verlaine inside them. See, TV stands for Television, Tom's band, and it's also Tom's ini-

tials. It has so much meaning. I got his initials engraved in my skin because I thought we were going to be together forever. It's a beautiful work of art, but I have to admit that I'm glad that I can only see it with a mirror. It makes me miss him a little when I catch a glimpse.

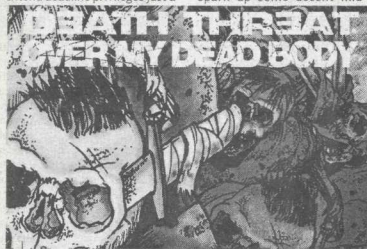
So anyway, the new tattoo I have is great. In Fajita, my favourite font, and rainbow colours, I got the words "All in all it's just another brick in the wall" written down my arm, from the inside of my elbow to my wrist. I'm hoping that one day I'll meet someone who knows what obscure song the lyrics were taken from, and they'll know exactly why I would want them to be a permanent part of me. •

riff raff

by Bryce Dunn

Well somebody took my piled threats to heart when I mentioned in last month's column about the lack of wax coming my way, and all of a sudden there's a tidy stack ready and waiting for criticism or commendation, depending on where the needle drops, of course.

Sure I had to elicit a small favour from our dear Editor to extend deadline privileges just a



wee bit, but cut me some slack, will ya? At least he won't have to pretend to be me and write about the second coming of **Silkworm** or how **Television** is next to godliness... puh-leeze, that's Christ's column.

In jokes aside, I think I've collected a damn fine assortment for your reading pleasure, so here goes: Something wicked this way comes from the folks at In The Red Records, and its name is **THE HUNCHES**. Known for its prestigious roster of beautifully messed-up blues, rock and punk bands galore, this is a match made in heaven. The musical equivalent of a car losing its grip as it speeds down a deserted, winding highway, this Portland, Oregon foursome take any and all pre-conceived notions of so-called garage rock purity, and steer these two cuts ("Got Some Hate" b/w "Lost Time Frequency") headfirst off a cliff, resulting in a twisted, mangled heap of screeching guitar, gasping-for-breath vocals and low-end bass rumbling that erupts into a fireball of **Cheater Slicks**-inspired cacophony. In other words, sweet. (In The Red, PO Box 208, 1118 West Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, CA 91506.)

A different kind of fireball, but no less powerful is **WORLD BURNS TO DEATH**, a fast-core outfit outta Austin, Texas. On their latest offering, *Human Meat...* Tossed To The Dogs Of War, they deliver three tracks of politically-charged thrash and burn with enough grit to peel the paint off the walls. Team them up with Oakland, California's **Artimus Pyle** and you've got a scary tag-team on your hands. The aforementioned

infuse some metal and early '90s hardcore influence into their similarly brutal, but honest songs about the horrors of war that clock in at under five minutes. A 1-2 punch in the gut courtesy of... (Prank Records, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

Still sticking to the aggressive side of the tracks for a bit longer, **WHAT FEEDS THE FIRE** spark up some decent mid-

point with its heavy guitar and bass attack. They toss in a cover of **Chain Of Strength's** "Best Of Times" for good measure and then pass the torch to **OVER MY DEAD BODY** for more positive (if maybe a little pissed) hardcore vibes with the singer spitting out the lyrics to tracks like "Broken Backs" and a wicked version of **Reagan Youth's** "No Class" like he's about to throw up a lung or two. Cool **Pushad** influenced artwork graces the cover and you've got yourself a winner.

In the "I Don't Get It" Dept., Gold Standard Laboratories provide for us two new releases: First, **THE MONITOR BATS** serve up a rather quirky pairing of sparse guitar, honking sax and pep rally vocals, one song in which they scream "Nursel Nursel" my sentiments exactly. On the flip is **THE CHROMATICS** blend of new wave disco that seems to be on the rise lately—a little easier to stomach and a little easier to understand the rump shakin'-ness of it all when I scan down the credits to see they laid down the grooves at Dub Narcotic Sound Laboratories, a virtual haven for those with a need for getting down. And for the second, we will get on up to our last entry for the electro-geeks among us courtesy of **SEMI-AUTOMATIC**, a duo with lots of high tech gadgets and a penchant for early **Prodigy** on the three tracks represented. Speed it up, slow it down, it all sounds



Vancouver, BC V5Z 4R3) East meets West on a split from the above mentioned Bridge Nine Records (PO Box 99052, Boston, MA 02199-0052), with **DEATH THREAT** delivering an awesome trio of 7 **Discords**-inspired posi-core, "As One We Stand" being the high-

the same to me. For use with other equally interchangeable techno records, some assembly required. (GSL, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177) See y'all next month and remember to hug your vinyl today, 'cuz it may not be around tomorrow. *

kill your boyfriend

comics and graphic art by Robin

SIGNAL TO NOISE

Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean (Dark Horse)

Perhaps it's due to their mutual and individual output being so varied and fantastic, but in all of my years reading comics, I've only encountered one creative collaboration that's loved by people from all walks of life: **Neil Gaiman** and **Dave McKean**, who are, without question, the "supermen" of comic literature. They've worked on countless projects together—from kids' books to graphic novels, from illustrated books for young adults to comic series—and as a team they're exceptionally versatile. Still, out of their collaborations, only one spoke directly to me. Only one left me contemplative and evoked deep thoughts and feelings—**Signal to Noise**.

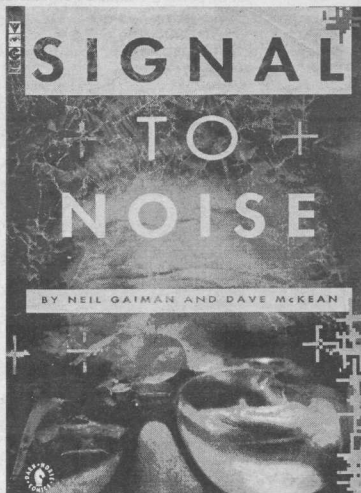
Like the title, the book is multi-faceted and multi-layered. It's about death (not Gaiman's cute incarnation from *Sandman*, but its eventuality); it's about man's struggle for immortality; it's about man's exasperation and acceptance concerning the futility of life and death; it's about giving up and not giving up; it's about being heard and it's about leaving your mark. *Signal to Noise* is Dylan Thomas, Woody Allen, sad, exhilarating, hopeful, hopeless, brilliant, human and disgustingly true to life. Specifically, it's about a director who finds out he has terminal cancer just before he prepares to make his *Citizen Kane*. He doesn't fight it; he accepts it and continues to write, formulate and create his movie, simply because his vision must be shared.

The movie provides an interesting juxtaposition between the dying man and his dreams via its subject matter—the impending apocalypse of 999. On the eve of the second millennium, people gathered, waiting for their impending doom and the end of the world. Their responses were individual and myriad. Patient, jubilant, sorrowful, desperate, emotionless, placid; some kicking and screaming and some resigned—their reactions mirror how we all will someday

face the end.

I hate thinking about death and why we will eventually cease to exist, but Gaiman forces us to examine our fears. He makes us experience the director's death process without the benefit of fanfare, just his dying dreams, yet manages to weave a somewhat hopeful tone throughout, as if to say, "Yeah, we all die; get over it."

everywhere. His use of computer graphics emerges with the chapter breaks, adding a certain coldness to the director's death through quotations and cyan glowing states, giving me a subtle, unsettled feeling each time they appear. Each page was laid out with such hyper-real intensity and precision it almost seemed like part of an elaborate ritual. Doing a



Enjoy the now." After each of the five times I've read it, I've been forced to take a step back, remove myself from my surroundings and collect myself. But that's Neil Gaiman for you. He makes you think and maybe, in that, he can't help himself.

Art-wise, the story is perfect. *Signal to Noise* is a high-calibre piece. Dave McKean outdoes himself. The majority of the book was done using his organic art styles (as opposed to his current fixation on photomanipulation): oil, etching, charcoal, text, scratchboard, collage, and mixed media

million things at once, the colours swirl and cling, climb and blotch, scribble and flow—each line adding more clarity to a chaotic, mixed-media barrage. McKean's lack of boundaries in his art falls just short of madness, but is still clean and concise. It is completely beautiful, and manages to take the content to the next level.

And in the end, that's all you need to know about this comic, and that's all you should need to convince you to read it. It goes beyond and maybe—just maybe—answers some of the questions it raises. *

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endearing records

PAPERMOON

WED, OCT 23 RAILWAY

WITH P'ANO AND DI (DION X-SALTEENS)

THUR, OCT 24 PIC PUB

WITH BRUNDELY AND YOKO CASINOS

"COMBINING A CLEVER BRITISH SENSIBILITY (THE SMITHS) WITH WONDERFULLY FEMININE INDIE POP THIS QUARTET COULD GIVE LESSONS ON WHAT A POP SONG IS." **CHART**

"THESE EX-MEMBERS OF B'EHL, BONADUCES, THE ELECTROSONICS AND BOSSANOVA HAVE MANAGED TO DISTILL ALL THE BEST MOMENTS FROM THEIR PAST BANDS TO CREATE A DAMN FINE POP RECORD." **SCENE**



radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

DOWN THE LEFT COAST

I've always loved the West Coast. As a youngster I had the opportunity to travel the entire US, but I always loved coming back home, which in those days was Tacoma. I spent my teens in Gig Harbor, Washington, but eventually grew out of those locales and tried my luck in Seattle. Loved it. All of my immediate relatives lived in Washington and Oregon—still do actually. To each their own, I know, but I've always been hooked on everything in this region. Now in Vancouver, things feel pretty much the same. Laid back, wet, casual and fairly progressive (so vote, damn it). This year, my wife and I took a road trip down the coast again, but this time we continued on into California,

intriguing when done well, but my favourite zines are the punk rock and music zines. The photocopied zine, though still widely available in places, is on the decline. Many of the surviving underground zines have professional qualities and more closely resemble magazines. Truth be told, these are the things I read the most. Why? Well, they usually offer more bang for my buck, what with all the interviews, reviews and columns and shit. The more fun and the more I learn from a zine the better.

Plenty of these zines were found on this trip, but I'm only going to focus on a few West Coast punk zines for this month. From Nevada City, California, **DREAM MAGAZINE** is full of book-length reading

over 30, featuring our own Submission Hold, as well as Pushead Pezz, Dawn Cook, Dregs of Humanity and a stellar letters and columns section. It is astounding how many committed contributors this zine has; the opinions and rants are fantastic. Oh, and zine reviews. Lots of them, right after hundreds of record reviews. Send them in. The burnt-out editor is taking an overdue hiatus so help them out by participating. (PO Box 848, Goleta, CA 93116.)

Another California newsprint rag is **PANACHE MAGAZINE**. File this under the more offbeat section. Inside is comedic train wreck Neil Hamburger, The Fire Show, The Walkmen, Vespertines and 400 Blows, plus articles with titles like "Inside Humboldt's Bathrooms," "Are You Ready to Rubble?" (basically another article about how there's a terrorist behind every "Bush"), "Mrs. Christ," "Tweakers Suck" and some punk rock blablah here and there. Funny, weird, informative, endangered. (www.humboldtmusic.com/ga_nache or PO Box 300, Eureka, CA 95502.)

Most interesting new title goes to **SINCERE BRUTALITY**, up and running with issue one, even as we speak. This comes from Portland, a town with lots of potential seen long ago in the much missed *Snipehunt Magazine* that died about seven years ago. The zine opens with little bios on a handful of bands and gets into features like "Whatever happened to Steel Pole Bath tub, Interview with Dale Flatnum." It gets even better with Erase Errata, Xiu Xiu, Point Line Plane, Gogo Airhead, Johnny X and the Groadies, etc. Pretty good—this one's going places. Check out www.sincerebrutality.com and send kudos to PO Box 5964, Portland, OR 97228.

On the way back to Vancouver, you have to stop in Seattle again and pick up a copy of **BACKFIRE MAGAZINE**, packed with garage punk and old *Rocket Magazine* refugees among a staff of many. Now at Volume 5, issue 3, this issue says goodbye to Dee Dee and John Entwistle, talks to The Hives, Brant Bjork and The Spits, and contains East Bay Ray's side of "The Dead Kennedys vs. Biafra." (Sigh.) The usual stuff as the above zines but with a Northwest angle (which is almost imperceptible, really). Anyway, write to *Backfire* at PO Box 77311, Seattle, WA 98177-0311.

Geez, there's not enough time in the day.

RADIOGRAM

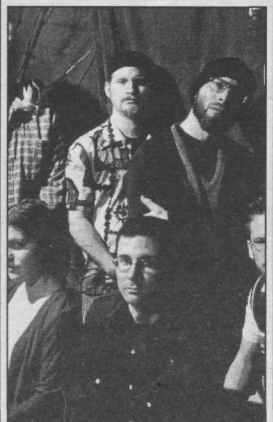
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SAT, NOV 23 RAILWAY

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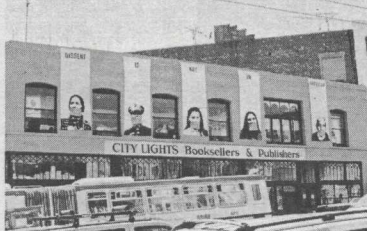
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City Lights in San Francisco

down to San Francisco (home of personal faves Flipper and Star Pimp). I'd been through there many times but never really spent time goofing around there, getting to know the city. Loved it, just loved it. All the way back up the coast I felt so lucky to be a Pacific Coast kid, even though Oregon, which in places took me by surprise by how funky it could be.

The things I love to discover in cities and unassuming towns are the local public and university radio stations (KPFA, KMUD, KEXP, KWVA, etc.), book and music stores (Amoeba, Fallout, City Lights, etc.) and zines, lots of zines. Oh my gawd, what a lot more than I can actually read, but I just can't resist poring over the creations and delving into the minds of the editors and columnists. A lot of the stuff out there is unfathomable poetry, and while that's all fine and good, I can't be a good judge of it, so a lot of it gets passed by—sorry. Then there's the comic zines which are usually too short—and thankfully so—'cause they're not easy to look at, either. Personal zines are

with hundreds of reviews and bands. Only on issue #2 so far, DM has a similar feel of *Ptolemaic Terrascope*, a Brit mag featuring bands in the psychedelic and space-rock mode. This mag features Abunai, Hood, Bid, Can, Greg Weeks, Jim Woodring and gobs of other indie heroes. (\$10 [comes with CD], PO Box 2027, Nevada City, CA 95959-1941)

SKRATCH magazine is a thick, juicy, free publication, but only free in certain locations around the States. They don't give subscription rates, but you can go to their website and find out more (and download an entire V/A compilation). They've been around forever, already celebrating 78 issues as of August. In this one issue alone you can read about Atom and His Package, Bloodlet, Dick Dale, Piebald, Melvins, Chubbies, Toxic Narcotic, Original Sinners (Exene's new band), Keapsake, Death Threat and tons more. So cool, so punk. So check it out. (www.skratch-magazine.com)

In the same category as the above with a twist of *MRR* thrown in is **HEARTATTACK**. At #35 they take a look at punks

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

In Which the Book Review Portion of This Column—Which Is Subtitled “Book Reviews By Doretta”—Does Not Even Make a 50 Word Appearance.

If you read last month's column, you'll know that I flaked out on the new DISCORDER editor, Chris. I didn't hand anything in and he had to write a column for me.

He'll have you believe that it was because I was working 13 hours a day around production day, but the truth is, I was performing an age-old hazing ritual on him.

This is the real story: I refused to turn in my column and then I forced him to shotgun 12 cans of cheap beer. He was a total sport about the whole thing, even though his Bikini Kill t-shirt became stained in the process. After he smashed the last can against his forehead, I locked him into the office. He banged on the door, screaming, “I really need to pee,” but I remained steadfast in my tough love routine. After 10 minutes he stopped pleading and started crying. Still, I refused to let him

out. No editor of mine was going to be a weak little weenie. I have to admit that I felt kind of bad when he told me that he ruined his favourite jeans, but I urged him to stay strong. “Hey, at least you don't have to pee anymore,” I said, trying to be as comforting as possible. This was kind of difficult to do because the hall outside the office was beginning to smell like the bed-wetter kid at Girl Guide camp and I was getting squeamish.

“Breaking in a new editor is tough work. It's grosser than ketchup,” said Christa Min. She could see that I was starting to get sick.

Okay, I'm lying. Christa never said that. She, Steve and Donovan went to pick up pizza and didn't witness the torture I inflicted upon Chris.

An hour later I opened the door. Chris had a puddle at his feet and a completed *Over My Shoulder* on the computer. “I read a book just for you,” he said. “Before your column, I thought reading was a waste of time. But now I see that David Lee Roth's autobiography *Crazy From the Heat* is a work of genius. I sleep

with it under my pillow!”

“Thank you,” I said, and I meant it, though I wasn't sure how he knew that I thought *Crazy From the Heat* was such a seminal work. In my apartment, it has migrated from the coffee table to the top of the radiator in the bathroom. For the low price of one dollar, I have been entertained for months.

“There's a gem on every page,” I said, still focused on *Crazy From the Heat*. But Chris was already reaching for the bottle of JD.

Three hours later, he listened as I cried about the fact that I was having writer's block. I had rewritten my column three times and it was bad. (Not that this column isn't bad, but I couldn't afford another flat of beer so I had to write this one myself.)

All he said to me was “Don't make me resurrect Dorito again.” In the space of one evening, the hazing had turned him into an editor of steel.

“Let's drink to that,” I said. And we did.

Join me next month when the book review makes a comeback.

strut and fret

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

SHIRKA URECHKO

The Worm
Wednesday, September 18
The Blinding Light!!
With her latest work, *The Worm*, multi-media artist and contemporary dancer Shirka Urechko has pulled off a disarming inversion of one of our bourgeois' seamer sub-genres—exotic dance—which felt neither borrowed nor safe. Structurally and choreographically simpler than her previous shows, *The Worm's* complexity, and ultimately its greatest impact, lay in the contextual upheaval it provoked.

For the first 20 minutes, Urechko inched her way across the stage wrapped in a clear plastic casing which resembled a drycleaning bag tied into worm-like segments. Undulating, rolling and contracting, she seemed to have plopped straight out of the moist, green vegetation depicted onscreen. Reaching a stripper's pole which had been looming rather conspicuously in the foreground, she folded herself around its base in a lovely moment of transition, then

shucked her cocoon, stood up and went to work in a flesh-toned thong and strappy sandals with impossibly high heels. But Urechko wasn't just sampling. What ensued was a 40 minute pole-dance—wonderfully elastic, aesthetically pleasing and damn titillating.

The film images had been tossing out some interpretive possibilities: Was the worm escaping a habitat despoiled by humans? Was this a metaphor for loss of innocence and self-actualization? As the dance went on, I began wondering what made this any different from a good night at the Cecil. The venue? Urechko's status as a contemporary dancer? An implied psychological journey? Nothing suggested that these boundaries were being intentionally tweaked. They just seemed to dissolve as Urechko worked that pole.

Some narrative texture was added with the eventual arrival of guest choreographer and performer, Braden Jones. Although his presence had been prefigured onscreen, it was still a jolt to see him standing black-suit-

ed and sinister at the lip of the stage. But as he robot-danced his way on, looking like a lost soul coughed out of an old Tubeway Army video, he clearly posed no threat to the obliviously rippling Urechko. The soundscape, which had often been electro wallpaper, gained some muscle and drove both the pole-dance and Jones' angular lurching. In an unexpected display of vulnerability, he slowly and awkwardly undressed, folding his clothes into a neat pile as he tried to emulate the dancer's fluidity. It was really quite touching and I wanted more, but the door closed on this bizarre little episode and Jones exited, naked and robotic. As for Urechko, she finished what she'd started. Having shimmied halfway up, she doffed her thong and spiraled to the floor.

There was something innocent and audacious in Urechko's refusal to merely package the pole-dancer's art for the concert stage. *The Worm* grabbed you by the senses and messed a bit with your head—just as multimedia should.

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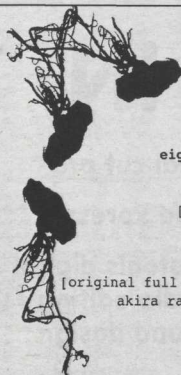
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CD played most often on your show:

Hard Rubber Orchestra's *Rub Harder* fills a lot of gaps. The most played artist would be a tie between Frank Zappa and Finnish Goth band His Infernal Majesty (a.k.a. HIM, a.k.a. HER).

CD you would save in a fire:

Another tie—David Sylvian's box set *Weatherbox* and Shooting Gallery's self-titled album, but probably also my copy of *The Fragile* signed by Trent Reznor because I waited three hours in the pissing rain for him to come out of GM Place.

CD that should burn in Hell:

Everything by POD, but Hell's too good for their proselyte garbage.

Worst CD that you like:

Everything Duran Duran put out after 1982.

First CD that you bought:

Shooting Gallery when it came out in 1991; this was Hanoi Rocks' guitarist/songwriter Andy McCoy's band for a year.

Drake

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Last CD you bought:

I just ordered *Live Faust, Die Jung* by Canadian swing artist Big Rude Jake, direct from Big Rude Jake.

Musician that you would most like to marry:

Ville Valo, the singer/songwriter from His Infernal Majesty—he's cute, he's young, he's exactly my type, he has a good voice, a great ass, a cute foreign accent, and I think I can train him to cook and do housework. If not, I'll just molest him and not marry him.

Favorite show on CTR:

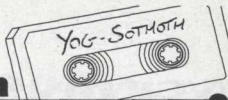
Being Arts Director, I'm here a great amount of time and so I listen at the station. I think my favorites would be *Anoize*, *Parts Unknown*, and *Blue Monday*.

Strangest phone call while on air:

None so far as this is a brand new show, but I'm sure I'll eventually get my share.

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias



THE WORK OF DISSENT:

VULGAR ANTI-AMERICANISM

I find myself exhausted when confronted with the work ahead of me. The insurmountable frustration that is encountered when attempting to critique the unilateral advances of force dictated by the US and other powerbrokers (as well as the attendant consideration of veils of media [dis]information) is enough to dissuade even the spunkiest writer. Surprisingly, it is often not in Europe or alternate countries that one finds the most critical and sustained analyses. Within the United States itself it is the tireless resistance—from the lobbying and court-cases of the ACLU to the alternative media outlet www.indymedia.org—that re-draws a distinction that must be made: that between the policies of the US Government and the diasporic, multicultural and vibrant country that is the United States. The more our contemporary crises begin to resemble the Weimar Republic, the more there is a vulgar move to assert an anti-American stance. As Toni Negri notes in a recent interview conducted by Ida Dominijanni on nettime.org: "But to think that Bush's government is America does not make any sense. Despite all that is happening, American society is still a completely open machine. Therefore even if Bush's project is monocratic and imperialist it is wrong to regard the United States as such as monocratic and imperialist. But there is more: the anti-American position coincides with a position of re-evaluation and defense of the nation state as the anti-imperialist trench—this is a temptation not extrañous to some sections of the movement of movements... However this would really be a wrong posture since it would prevent an understanding of how the world is made, who has got the command and who can subvert it."

FREE RADIO PENGUINS AND GNU

<http://radioqualia.va.com.au/fraseradiolinux>: As I discuss net.art and other net.intervention in print, some might question why I simply do not utilize the internet for such purposes. It's a question of translation. To affect the internet and propagate its movements through its own media repeats message into redundancy. To translate the net to print (and vice-versa) is akin to the Free Radio Linux project, which is broadcasting the entire Linux kernel—4,141,432 lines of code—through a speech.bot built by project originators radioqualia and using the open source codec Ogg Vorbis. Akin to copy-pasting the DVD crack-code on your webpage, the freedom of open-source is posed in unstable mediums as attempts to not only raise awareness, but further the possibilities of spreading the open-source platform—and by this I mean not Linux, but the platform that Linux stands upon: that information wants to be free. In a land of penguins, it is the GNU that maintains the escape lines to the sea.

HOMELAND SECURITY, CULTURAL BUREAU (CEC), N'EST PAS...

www.hscb.org: The closure of the White Box NYC art gallery marks the first significant step by HSCB, the culture-oriented offshoot of the US Department of Homeland Security. The politically-critical gallery was closed by order of HSCB Director General Carolyn Parker Mayes, who, in a written Notice of Closure, states that "the Art Gallery WHITE BOX constitutes a danger to state security." It would appear that the HSCB is working in tandem

with the US Department of Art and Technology, which was created during the reorganization of US Governmental Departments whereby many law enforcement and national watchdog and protection sectors of government were coalesced into the Department of Homeland Security under Tom Ridge. The USDAT further created the Office of Political and Economic Insecurity, headed by Abe Golam, with the mandate "to confront rising insecurity in the nation and around the world as a result of the administration's plan to restructure the US government. (www.usdept-artech.net)

Sources close to Panarticon report that Darpa's Information Awareness Office may be providing the technological profiling, found in their TIA (Total Information System) and GENOA II (advanced multi-crises identification and management) systems to "sniff out" (and thereby destroy) cultural activity that may prove contentious in the future to US interests and national security. (www.darpa.mil/iao)

FREE RADIO PENGUINS AND GNU

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www.gnu.org/copyleft/gpl.html: GNU is an open-source Unix platform based upon the following principles: "The freedom to run the program, for any purpose (freedom 0). The freedom to study how the program works, and adapt it to

your needs (freedom 1). Access to the source code is a precondition for this.

"The freedom to redistribute copies so you can help your neighbor (freedom 2). The freedom to improve the program, and release your improvements to the public, so that the whole community benefits. (freedom 3). Access to the source code is a precondition for this."

The prerequisite access to the source code gave rise to GNU-GPL, or the GNU Public License. Independent audio codecs such as Ogg Vorbis are GNU-GPL. This means that the source code must be distributed with any product derived from the original code. Simply, a commercial company cannot step in, transform or steal the code, and not distribute their modifications without facing legal repercussions. Note that the GPL does not restrict one from selling the software product; it does mean, however, that the sale includes the source code, which for most of us means nothing—however, for communities of developers, it means that the means are redistributed constantly through networks of modifications and improvements that overall strengthens the software's mobility, flexibility, security, and enhancibility, as well as fundamentally putting into action notions of networked freedom and nomadism.

A FEW GOOD NOOZE

The European Data Protection Commissioners have rejected current proposals from the UK and the EU for mandatory data retention by phone companies and ISPs; the Swedish Young Left party has made a donation to the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) in order to challenge its inclusion on the EU's proscribed terrorist organizations list; "warchalking" sends Nokia and corporate behemoths into paranoia over practically nothing. (www.warchalking.org)

And on a bad note, AMD is supporting Microsoft's demonic Palladium "Big Brother" encryption technology in their next Opteron chip. (My bets are in: contrary to Paul D Miller, the new battle will be fought over the hardware construction of the internet as it becomes corporately owned. Say goodbye to digital privacy. Remember Hitler: we couldn't have done it without radio). •

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Bend Sinister

by Michael Schwandt

Bend Sinister is an instrumental band who have been playing shows in Vancouver for about a year. They have long songs and short songs and can play in more time signatures than you can tap your toes to. They have fairly impressive grammar. Their first self-produced CD sold out in a jiffy, but they might burn you a copy if you ask nicely. They have a new album coming out soon, as well. This interview was conducted by e-mail with guitarist Naben Ruthnum, over the course of several complex iterations. Naben took great pain to include the collective input of the entire band in his replies.

First of all, names and instruments. Please.

David Buck: Usually bass, sometimes guitar.

Dan Goughnour: Usually drums, sometimes guitar.

Dan Moxon: Usually guitar, sometimes drums.

Naben Ruthnum: Usually guitar, sometimes bass.

Bend Sinister is the title of a book by Vladimir Nabokov. Sum up the book in 14 words or less.

Manipulation and control.

How and why did you choose this as the name for the band?

I was reading it at the time of the band's inception, and I really took to Nabokov's explanation of his title in his introduction. "This choice of title was an attempt to suggest an outline broken by refraction, a distortion in the mirror of being, a wrong turn taken by life, a sinistral and sinister world." Nabokov is a playful author, but his craft is serious. Our music is something like that, too. So, after a lot of discussion, we settled on that name.

Overall, is the band (a) Bent, (b) Sinister, (c) Both, or (d) Neither? Explain.

Definitely more Bent than Sinister since everything is slightly askew, but not necessarily threatening.

How did this operation come to be?

The KSS [Kelowna Secondary School] high school band program was instrumental. Dan Moxon (whom we'll refer to as Mox), Dave, and myself met as guitar players in Grade 10 jazz band. Dan G played trumpet in school, but guitar was his first love. Our friendship was based on Metallica and *Guitar World*, and lengthy jams in Dan G's attic were the beginning of our musical bond. Usually, there were three guitars playing at a time, with someone grudgingly taking his place behind the Goughnour family drum kit. Lots of 12-bar blues.

A chance conversation in the school hallway led to Dave, Mox and I forming our first band, Formica, with vocalist Emma Pierce. She recently sang on Jon Rae Fletcher's River record. Formica was good fun, sounded vaguely like Elysian Fields and Portishead. That

ended. Anyway, Mox had a stockpile of riffs at the end of first-year university and, upon returning to Kelowna in the summer, the four of us began to shape them into songs.

Bend Sinister's members are all from Kelowna, right? What is that city like for new bands?

Yep, we're all from Kelowna. Since everybody here who gets really into independent music ends up being friends or acquaintances, the people in bands and the guys who put on shows usually know each other, so it's relatively easy to get a show for your band. In terms of crowd response, it all depends on what kind of music you're playing. Emo and punk definitely go over well. As far as response to our band goes, some people really like us while others are pretty indifferent. But I guess that would be the same in any city.

I understand that the band members live in different cities now. Is this the case? How do you manage to write songs?

Yes, Mox and I live in Vancouver while Dan G and Dave live in Victoria. The songwriting usually starts with Mox writing a skeletal structure for the song, the rest of us deciding what instruments we want to play on it—Dave and I are both getting pretty fond of bass-playing, so we're starting to split guitar/bass duties more evenly—and finally fleshing out the song when we all happen to be in the same town. A lot gets added on to that initial skeleton. Because the band has no vocalist, whoever is playing second guitar has to ensure that the music doesn't just sound like a rock rhythm section without a melody line.

How do you find the climate in Vancouver, in terms of what's called "The Scene"?

Well, there's a lot of nice people with good and open taste, but there are also a lot of fashion-focused people who seem to view music more as a platform for snobbery than anything else. As far as bands here go, I haven't really found too many that I'm extremely enthusiastic about. Pano and Jon-Rae Fletcher are really good. Bend Sinister gets really well received when we play here.

How do you find the climate in Vancouver, in terms of what's called "The Weather"?

Rain doesn't really bother me, mood-wise. One thing I dislike is getting the back of my pant leg wet from walking through wet streets.

What have you been listening to lately?

Naben: King Crimson, Mr. Bungle, Isis, Naked City, Frapp/Eno, Tool, The Black List, Dimmu Borgir, Sleepytime Gorilla Museum.

Dan G: The Sea and Cake, Archer Prewitt, Tortoise, Hot Snakes, Jim O'Rourke, Converge, Botch, Nick Drake, Calexico, Tool.

Dan M: Aphex Twin, Calexico, Hot Snakes, Ruins, Mastodon,

Fucking Champs, King Crimson, Jim O'Rourke, Yes.

Dave: Pink Floyd, Rush, King Crimson, Isis, Tool, Tortoise, Botch, Steve Reich, Faith No More, Dillinger Escape Plan.

If you could open for any band, who would it be?

Naben: Mr. Bungle, if they haven't broken up.

Dan G: Hot Snakes.

Dan M: Shellac.

Dave: Tortoise.

Do you find that a lot of music coming out today excites you, or not?

Yeah, there's always good music being released, but it's gotta be dug out. If you look at what we put on our "current listening" lists, you'll see that a bunch of those bands/musicians have put out stuff within the last year.

Can you describe the worst show you ever played?

That would be the infamous Rampone's Vegetables show in the wilds of the Mission area of Kelowna. The venue was a small, sweaty shed lined with rows of garlic. We snapped more strings in that set than ever before, had massive tuning problems, and the crowd was too hot to care about anything.

Tell me about The Line.

The Line is a now defunct metal band that featured myself, Dan Moxon, and the brother Shaw. One last summer show and that was that. A new band called Kill the Arcade with the Shaws, Kevin Keegan of The Black List and myself has taken up where The Line ended. The other guys in Sinister always have something musical going on the side as well. Mox does some singer/songwriter stuff, Dan G plays straight jazz, and Dave has an acoustic project with a friend in Victoria.

Any immediate plans for Bend Sinister?

Hmm, well we're going to try to find someone to release the album we recorded this summer. Nothing too ambitious, we're not expecting to get signed to any extremely reputable label—but we definitely want to get a quality release out there.

Any less-than-immediate plans for Bend Sinister?

Looking forward to another summer of compositional madness, and perhaps a year off after our first degrees to focus on mental labour and this band.

What would you like to say to DISCORDER readers?

Um, big crowds of scenesters make us nervous. We clam up when we're nervous.



THE GOSSIP 2002 TOUR DIARY, GREATEST HITS!!

by BRACE PAINE

Thursday, May 9th

This is the kick-off date of the tour and we're playing in the living room of the GOXXIP house with our favorite no-wave band SLEETMUTE. It's a costume party and we're (as a salute to CRIME) dressed in full cop gear. SLEETMUTE showed up dressed as grunge supergroup TEMPLE OF THE DOG. Halfway through our set the real copps showed up and we proceeded to play "Rise Above" by BLACK FLAG.

Saturday, May 11th

This marks GOXXIP's first Canadian show ever! We played as part of the ultra-lame New Music West and we then thoroughly chilled with our many Vancouver homies. We also ate five Crunchie bars and decided that we will relocate (very illegally) to Vancouver on the date of January 23rd, 2003. Also, when we do move to Vancouver, we will be buying out Zulu records and turning it into an American night club called "The Lionel Ritchie."

Sunday, May 12th

We arrived in Victoria, BC, and it seems no kids there seem to know of the infamous band THE NEOS. Weren't they from Victoria? Where's their punk history?

Friday, May 17th

Winnipeg-depressing. The owner of the venue looked like half Woody Allen and half Sinead O'Connor. I also threw a tuna fish sandwich at a 13 year old boy. (I SWEAR he flipped me off!)

Wednesday, May 22nd

We played at the Fireside and at the Empty Bottle. After the shows we met up with Shippy and Thax and chilled with punx at a super secret SHELLAC basement show. Also, WHITEHOUSE opened for them! YES!

Sunday, May 26th

We played in Detroit with VIKI HOTT and she blew us away many times. She is the new SUICIDE or maybe SPK! I also Djed this show and here is my playlist:
POINTER SISTERS—"I'm So Excited"
MARS—"Puerto Rican Ghost"
WEIRD AL YANKOVIC—"Amish Paradise"
THROBING GRISTLE—"Hamburger Lady"
INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS—"Snoteleks"
As our last song on that night we did a noizze-fulkk version of "I Wanna Be Your Dog" by THE STOOGES with the KROMATIXX and VIKI HOTT and, while we were playing, VIKI threw firecrackers into the faces of the audience!

Saturday, June 1st

Our NYC show was quite the celeb hangout. We met Janeane Garafalo, Jared Leto, Claire Danes, Chloe Sevigny and Jay Leno. We played with this band SIGHTINGS and during their set I had to carry Claire Danes to the bathroom because she was SO wasted! Also, Beth kissed Jay Leno on the chin. (SICK!)

Tuesday, June 5th

Philadelphia was wyld. For this show we did a very special JOHN CAGE tribute in which we performed the first side of the *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Pianos* LP (each of us on one piano). As the kids anxiously waited for rock music they came to appreciate it.

Monday, June 21st

San Francisco is always crazy to the maximum. We played three shows in one day. The craziest was the house party we played with GLASS CANDY and NUMBERS. There were 400 people crammed into one house and I fell out of a window twice. Melanie (the drummer of GLASS CANDY) found a gun on the street. (We shot it!)

Thursday, June 23rd

We have now arrived back home in cozy Olympia where we are surrounded by hippies, annoying K Records fans and hobos. We decided that we are changing our name to THE BLAQ HALOZZ and will be relocating to Vancouver much sooner than expected. CANADA, HERE WE COME! •

See the Gossip live at the Royal Hotel, Saturday, October 5 with A Luna Red and The Nons.



Oxes



DISORDER: On your new EP there is a reference to vintage chocolate bars, and, as well, a "melted chocolate sandwich." Can you elaborate?

Oxes: We only use the finest vintage chocolate bars when we record. We only record with steam on paper, and the sound of the older chocolate bars are far superior.

Are these "brown" references a sign of your penchant for brown things? Or is it some kind of code you have with music industry insiders?

I wouldn't say brown, just communist. We were blacklisted once for having brown things. It seems the whole Hollywood industry, of which we are a big part of, hates independent thinkers. Go figure, you know?

Are you privy to why steam, chocolate, paper or any combination thereof, is advantageous to the recording process? I made a call to the local rock "uberstudio" and they have never heard of such a process, but they are interested, nonetheless.

The paper must be run fast through the steam—at about 27 cm/sec. That way you get scribbles with larger curves. That makes the recording process more fluid, you see. It's not digital. I don't really understand what you're trying to say with that. It's NOT digital, okay?

You guys play wireless guitars on-stage. Does this help control the "hero" factor when playing for belligerent and overzealous music lovers?

It really does. I usually shove a pie in their faces. A pie made of wires. Electric wires with bees on the ends... with razor-sharp apple pie on the ends of their stingers.

Has there been any attempt to "unchain" Prison from his static position on stage—i.e. "wireless" drums?

Yes, usually we only have him play bongos now. Last night we played a show, sans Marco, ended up with 11 people in a drum circle, and a lot of broken glass and screaming. Two Moogs and two Grooveboxes and two bongos; all reeling. We wanted to commemorate September 11th. What do you have on your September 11th tree to connote the falling people? I used little pink plastic babies.

I might tie a complimentary shoe-horn from Cantor-Fitzgerald to it. Keep it corporate, you know. Or, because I'm Canadian, possibly a Labatt Genuine Draft key chain.

Oxes: to me anyway, has a quality to it that could be described as maddening, or nerve-busting. Is there a way I can avoid getting into traffic altercations while listening to Oxes as I drive in rush-hour traffic? Or is this, indeed, the soundtrack to Road Rage?

Release your neck forward and up; everything else will fall into place.

Speaking of soundtracks, since first reviewing your material, I've found myself wanting to ask bands such as yours (Champs, Bozart, Don Caballero, etc.) how the hell you guys remember such complex riffery? Do you play sober? Or is there some sort of concentration game you like to play to warm up for live performances?

We play drunk. Sometimes stoned. We always write sober though. Otherwise we wouldn't remember it. We get to the point where we can play the songs without even thinking about it. Then we play them live so we can run around and shit.

So are you going to tell me which Ox you are, anyway? You know for posterity?

It's only one Ox... answering your little bitch questions. My name is Bad Transmission (formerly Blind Ambition).

Have you guys ever played in Canada?

Yes, our funnest trip ever, to Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and then on to the Michigan fest, earlier this year. We picked up this hilarious girl, Lori, on the way out there, and the whole experience was just amazing. You Canadians constantly think you're funny. I noticed that. Sometimes you are, and I suppose always thinking you're funny is better than the American way of always thinking you are the best nation in the world.

Do you have any plans to come up here?

No solid plans right now.

Irony and sarcasm are no longer feasible within the mass-marketed and shit-stained entity that is underground music. Call it post-rock, call it indie rock, call it what you will—but if you are the type of person who still thinks you are the baddest on your block because you heard the White Stripes first, the joke's on you, pal. Corporate marketing engines are indeed behind much of what passes itself off as "cutting edge" or indie.

This is no news bulletin; it's been happening since the 1970s. It's where the "money" comes from so to speak. To achieve a level of indie credibility it takes an uncompromising ability to resist the almighty dollar. In this day and age, that's extremely hard to do. It isn't cheap to run a band; or more specifically, it isn't cheap to deliver the unsold goods to an uneducated and unappreciative audience—an audience that is used to having it handed to them anyway; downloading music for nothing.

Enter Oxes, three young men from Baltimore whose quest, literally, is to smash the post-rock status quo, destroy the pretense that belongs within the corporate-rock boardroom and deliver a good lickin' to anyone that stands in their way. Three young men known to their inner circle of east coast rowdies as Mr. Windsor Castle, New York City, and one, Prison. They are articulate, energetic, and still more interested in having fun and causing trouble than bringing in the bucks.

Oxes may come across sometimes as the world's most hyper-active band, and it may appear that the boys have no driving purpose; chaos is the only mandate. Make no mistake, brother, these guys mean business. I've been listening to them for over a year now, and I can only say that it's not for everybody. It can make you laugh, make you rock, or it can make you cover your ears in irritation. And this will usually take place within one song. It's a small price to pay when you know what you are getting is 100% anti-corporate rock. It's Oxes' brand of business. Because to them, this is a battle... and the band with the wireless axes looks prepared.

By Black Dimetapp

Do you guys like hockey? Shame about the Caps, eh?

I do, but I really hate watching sports on TV, so I can't really get into it. Shame that they were a professional sports team that reinforced the idea, that to "sport," is to be angry and compete with each other? Nah.

This is Nat Fowler. The black-guitar guy.

There're no black people in Oxes.

You listed on your website's tour journal many months ago, a challenge that a fan had issued regarding your "vacant" bass position. [Fan wanted to play bass. Oxes replied, "Only if you fight us, and win."] Is this offer still open to large Canadians who may want to challenge three slightly built, American musicians for this esteemed title?

We aren't even slightly-built, dude. The bass position, if filled at all, would be filled by Prison. Now, we're looking for a drummer.

Does the band still encourage concert-goers to bring their own instruments so they can join in the musical celebration?

We do.

I'm just wondering because what if the audience all had wireless guitars, and bigger, louder amps? What if they all brought basses? And huge bass cabinets?

That would be amazing! Hopefully it would get so loud that I would have to leave. That would be the best show in Oxes history.

I bet if Oxes came up to Canada the audience would bring "coke and hookers."

Does "coke and hookers" make lots of noise?

You guys have a crew out in Baltimore known as the Baltimore Rowdy Crew, or something along those lines. Is it fraternally organized? Why is it important for a band to recognize its hometown? Isn't Trans Am from Baltimore?

No, Trans Am is from DC or, rather, Tacoma Park, the extremely, rich suburb. If you don't recognize your hometown, then you just move to Chicago. That's the way it works in the music scene. Yeah, we are fraternally organized. We had a kegger last night.



THE HORROR OVER THE COAST: MEETING THE DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS

By Chris Eng

"I shall plan my cousin's escape from that Canton madhouse, and together we shall go to marvel-shadowed Innsmouth. We shall swim out to that brooding reef in the sea and dive down through black abysses to Cyclopean and many-columned Y'ha-nthlei, and in that lair of the Deep Ones we shall dwell amidst wonder and glory forever."
—HP Lovecraft, "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"

"He made love to the fishes."
—The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, "The Innsmouth Look"

I put these words down on paper in the hope that there will be some kind of record to stand against the horrors that have been visited on me in recent days. I do not spare any hope for myself—the forces at large are much too aware of the knowledge that has been imparted to me—I can only pray that when they come for me, and come for me they will, that they will overlook these notes and someone may yet find them and bring them into the light as they deserve. Let me elaborate on my tale, though, and try to shed some light on how I came to find myself in this predicament.

Recently, a close friend of mine, half-blind with drink, suggested that we head down to one of the squalid watering holes found in Vancouver's seamy East Side to partake in a bit of the nightlife. I acquiesced and, fortified with no small amount of liquor myself, managed to seat myself among the locals, their eyes bulging unnaturally and their skin wan and pasty. It was a matter of two hours later, when sobriety started to reassert itself, that a manifestation of evil took the stage in the dingy bar and let loose a chorus of ungondliness and unrestrained evil. Possessed of nothing righteous in talk or manner, this pop-punk/metal band—The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets—asserted their love for a man, one HP Lovecraft by name, and the blasphemous creatures he expounded on in his fevered scribbles. I felt disoriented and the club spun about me wildly, pitching me back and forth, as power-pop chanting filled my ears ("Iai Shub-Niggurath! The Goat with a Thousand Young! Iai Y'golonac! Cthulhu fhtagn!") before I slipped into a grateful blackness.

I awoke the next morning in my own bed with full recollection of what had gone on the night before. As unreal as it had seemed, or perhaps as I might have wanted it to be, I knew it had its groundings in reality and made my way to my bookshelf to study the book of Lovecraft's stories contained therein. Though many would dismiss it as the work of a crank, I now saw through it and perceived the taint of the unclean running black to its very core. These were not the work of a delusional madman; these timeless horrors from beyond the stars he described more than a half century before in his "fantastic tales" were all too real and were being paid homage to by this band with their frightful paeans.

Eager to find out more about these men, I wrote to them, posing as a fan. In short order I received a reply from their lead singer, Toren Atkinson, who was pleased to have received my missive and would be happy to answer any of my questions. I started gently, in

order to gain his trust, and asked him if he could shed some light on the origins of his band. The response came quickly and was to the point.

"Well, that's a question that we always get asked. Because it's SO WEIRD, I guess. According to some people it's weird to have an HP Lovecraft band. But this was in 1992 and we were way into Lovecraft. Especially me. Mainly me and Warren, our guitarist. I met Warren, actually, in college. In ceramics class or something. We had a mutual love of role-playing games and cartoons. So, Warren and I decided to start a band—Warren never having played guitar before; I never having sang before. We knew not having any talent we'd have to distract the audience somehow from our bad, non-existent talent, so we decided costumes and HP Lovecraft were the way to go. That was going to be our schtick, so if nothing else, we'd have at least that. Then we had our show; we had our papier maché monster costumes; we had our antics and we received a smattering of applause. And that was good enough for us to do it again. No tomatoes were thrown, so that was encouraging."

I quickly penned a response, thanking him for the promptness of his reply and asked him about the importance of their costumes, trying to delve further toward the heart of the matter in smooth, gradual steps. Not two days later, a letter sat in my mailbox and I opened it on the street, hastily devouring the contents therein.

"Well," he elucidated, after his opening pleasantries, "we've been playing with the costumes for so long that I can't imagine us going on stage without them for two reasons. One, I personally would feel really stupid not wearing a costume. I know that's weird to think, because normally most people would feel stupid wearing a big monster head. Most people would, but I would feel stupid not wearing one. And the other reason is that the fans demand it now. If we went on stage without our costumes, we'd get no end of trouble from our die-hard, beloved fans. Our geeky but beloved fans."

"Do you have groupies?" I wrote back.

"Do you want to get into this?" came his response, scratched out on yellowed parchment in a thin, severe hand. "Yeah, yeah we do. We have some groupies. Mostly... male. I don't have to tell anyone what the ratio is between male and female gaming people and computer geeks. Because that is our core audience—I'd be the first to admit it. Yeah. We have groupies. They're mostly virtual groupies, but they're groupies, I suppose. We have a decent fol-

lowing in Vancouver, I would say, but apart from two tours across Canada, we're not that well known. But we have lots of fans—California is full of Thickets fans—and they're all across the world, which is pretty cool. They're just unhappy that they never get to see us play live."

Convinced, at this point, that I had established a rapport with Atkinson, I endeavored to arrange a meeting between the two of us and he agreed, inviting me to his house for a cup of tea and conversation. I arrived at the appointed time, perhaps slightly early, and he answered the door bespectacled and dressed casually. Ushering me into the sitting room, he retrieved a pot of tea for us and sat, pouring cups for both of us. I was, however, determined not to waste any time beating around the bush and dove right to the meat of things.

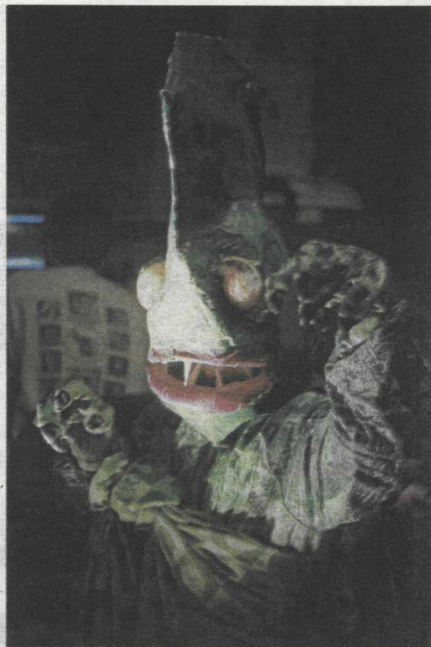
"When did you discover Lovecraft?" I asked, sipping gently at the bone china.

"Most people discover Lovecraft in high school and I was a late bloomer, I guess, because I think I was 19 or 20 when somebody gave me a book, and it was just BANG. I was there. There was no question. This was like nothing I'd ever read before. It captured everything I thought was cool. You know, the monsters, the style of writing and the philosophy that mankind is an insignificant speck. It all clicked with me and it wasn't long before I was into the role-playing game and started up the band. It was a couple of years later. But the thing is, once you become a fan—a lot of the people I know, they're Lovecraft fans tried and true for the rest of their days."

I continued to sip at my cup, hoping it might mask my nervousness, and pressed him further on the eldritch and timeless creatures that adhered to no natural laws. "Do you have a favourite Great Old One?"

"It's so hard to choose; I love them all so much. Cthulhu's great. I think he appeals to the widest masses because he's one of the more accessible of the Great Old Ones. He at least has a definite form, if flabby and grotesque and horrific. And the octopus and the bat-wings? I mean, c'mon—that's great visual. And he's on Earth. He's not at the centre of the universe like Azathoth; he's not in between the spaces we know like Yog-Sothoth. He's definitely the most popular and I think he strikes a chord with me as well."

"There are those who think of the Great Old Ones or Elder Gods as evil," I continued; the sweat palpable on my brow and my





heart fairly beating out of my chest. "Do you?"

"They're not evil, they're just misunderstood. I think a lot of people—even myself, back in my younger days—say that Cthulhu is evil or that the Cthulhu mythos is full of evil gods, but really they're above the concepts of good and evil. They don't follow human laws."

The terror on my face could no longer be contained and Atkinson was looking at me with deepening suspicion. Still, I could not hide the disgust and almost overwhelming compulsion I had to flee that house and never peruse the works of Lovecraft or Thicket again. Why? Why would someone worship these star-spawned beings? Who would embrace such lunacy and proclaim Cthulhu—a dead squid-god whose immense corpse lies dreaming in the sunken city of R'lyeh—to be their savior; their squat, bloated deity? The answers to these questions no longer interested me and, excusing myself abruptly, I careened down the hall and out the front door into the stark daylight.

I hazarded a look back as I stumbled up the street as fast as I could go, nausea beginning to overtake me and saw Atkinson staring after me from the porch; the light in his eyes leaving no doubt as to what would be my eventual fate. I had angered him, and in so doing, I had angered others far more powerful than he.

It is three weeks from that meeting now. Strangers have knocked on my door every day and things clamber on my roof at night! I know not else how to describe them, the insectoid horrors! They come for me now, deafening me with the beating of their membranous wings outside my window, but I refuse to look. And their buzzing! Ah, buzzing so loud I can barely hear the clattering of the typewriter keys! They call to me—the Mi-Gi, the fungi from Yuggoth! They're trying to coax me out. When I don't comply, they'll force the jamb and I'll be lost. There it is! I have mere seconds left. My gun is at my side, for all the protection it will afford me. Let these notes find you safely. Goodb •



Lovecraft: An Introduction

By Chris Eng

HP Lovecraft was the Ramones of horror fiction. Where they never had a hit album, he never had a collection of his stories published in his lifetime. They were both prolific and both worked in underground genres. Both would have massive impacts on the mainstream and, sadly, when both their contributions were finally recognized, it was to be posthumously (with admission to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame falling after Joey Ramone's death, and with the hardcover publication of *Lovecraft's Best Supernatural Tales* coming a scant number of years after his passing).

Cited by almost every modern horror author as one of the greatest practitioners of the form in the twentieth century—perhaps ever—Howard Phillips Lovecraft lived a brief, solitary life spinning weird tales for *Weird Tales* magazine and others which offered him a pittance in exchange for them. Not even able to support himself from his writing (he did so from an inheritance fund), he died in relative obscurity in 1937 at the age of 46.

For someone whose achievements went, in the main, unnoticed during his life, his contributions to horror fiction are almost incalculable. On top of leaving behind a broodingnagian corpus of work for future authors to pore over, he also wrote one of the first treatises on the genre, *Supernatural Horror in Literature*, and opened it with a simple and powerful deduction:

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown."

And what could be more fear-inspiring than living out your humdrum daily existence, only to find out that not only are we not alone in the universe but our company is a race of ancient beings with god-like potential, living just beyond what we can perceive as the fabric of reality? The Great Old Ones, the Elder Gods: frozen under the Antarctic icecaps, imprisoned in a sunken city below the Atlantic, or biding time on one of the other planets of our own solar system—one only needs to uncover the slightest bit about them to be pushed over the brink into madness. And, in that, is one of Lovecraft's most enduring storytelling trademarks. Even more than his love of adjectives ("gibbous," "eldritch," "archaic," "febrile") or his ability to skirt description by expounding at length on something's indescribability (hence enforcing the fear of the unknown), was his unwritten edict that almost no-one should emerge unscathed from his stories. It didn't matter where the peril came from—once the truth about the universe was discovered (there is no God, only a race of omnipotent aliens who view humankind as insignificant specks), there were only two ways out: madness or death.

The outsider's viewpoint has been quintessentially lodged into almost all of his work, but it is perhaps most notable in his stories concerning the Great Old Ones (also known as the Mythos or Cthulhu Mythos stories, after "Call of Cthulhu," one of his best known and most-enduring works). Men (for women were rarely mentioned in stories, and even then only in passing), already isolated, came into strange knowledge that no one else would possibly believe on their say-so, isolating them further and often only being brought to light in the form of journal entries, which is the format for many of the tales (a trend which continued itself in the work of other writers who expanded on the Mythos after his death via stories like Robert Bloch's "Notebook Found in a Deserted House"). Their last entries reek of the author's sanity cracking about the edges or complain of strange beings coming for them in the night, and there is never any hope of salvation. The misunderstood or lonely are the only ones who see the world as it truly is and seek refuge in either death or the comforts of their own mind. In that context, it's really not hard to see where Lovecraft's universality stems from. He ironically provided long-desired feelings of kinship and understanding to those who stand at society's fringes—the gangly, over-educated, socially awkward and hermit-like—but perhaps it's his other message that gives his work such widespread appeal:

The proposal that if there is a god, maybe we're better off not meeting Him... or it •



JEAN SMITH SELF-PORTRAIT, 1974

DOVE TALES: THE ART OF MECCA NORMAL

BY CHRISTA MIN

Who Shot Elvis (Matador, 1997)
Five summers ago, I drove to Alaska. I wanted to go north, so I borrowed my brother's car and left the city early in the morning. I brought a blanket, a can opener and a bag full of CDs. An hour out of town, I had to stop for gas. While I was in the bathroom, someone stole everything out of my car, except for the CD in the player. I listened to *Who Shot Elvis* 10 times that day, and everyday after that, until I got to Alaska. The record is exactly 41 minutes and 19 seconds long. After 413 minutes and 10 seconds had passed, I would stop driving, open the door, and go to sleep on the floor of the road.

The Eagle and the Poodle (Matador, 1996)

Four years ago, my boyfriend left me with a broken bicycle and torn photographs. He moved to Toronto to go to school. He called me in December to tell me it was cold and to ask if I missed him. No, I said, even though I did. I turned up the music, so I couldn't hear the sound of his voice. He asked what all the noise was, and I said it's called "When You

Know." Listen. I held up the phone to the speaker until my arm went numb and the song ended. *Hello?* I said, and I heard him start to cry. *Who is that?* he said.

Dovetail (K, 1992)

When I was 12 years old I had a neighbour who was psychotic. She lived alone, and she would only leave her apartment to buy frozen hamburgers and cupcakes. Her purse was big and gray with a shoulder strap that she held onto tightly. She clenched her fist around her purse strap until her knuckles turned whiter than her teeth.

For my 12th birthday, my 17-year-old cousin gave me *Dovetail*. I thought my cousin was cool because she drove a red car with no roof and she had a boyfriend who was taller than my dad. So I thought the record she gave me was cool, too.

I played it one night, before I went to bed. There was a knock at the door. It was my crazy neighbour. She started screaming, "Shut up! Shut up! Tell her to stop screaming in my ear!" and she pushed me down with her shoulder while

gripping onto her purse. She ran into my room, pulled *Dovetail* off the record player, and threw it against the wall.

I cut my finger open when I picked up the pieces. I smeared blood on the record sleeve when I threw away each of the black fragments. The next day, I called my cousin and made her buy me another copy.

I can't say that the stories above are true exactly, but I can say that although they never really happened, I have proven myself to be a TRUE ARTIST! Jean Smith and David Lester are artists too. *Mecca Normal* really is one of the most original and amazing bands ever to come out of Canada. They will be performing and showing their ART from the last two decades at the *Western Front* (303 East 8th Avenue) from October 8-12, viewing from 12-5pm. There will be an interactive workshop (October 8, 9, 10, and 12 only, 8pm) showing how ART AND MUSIC CAN CHANGE THE WORLD! It would be a good idea to go. For more information go to <http://mecca-normal.tripod.com>.

THE ETERNAL IDEAL



A NEW ALBUM PAYS TRIBUTE TO BUM BY CHRIS ENG

Tribute albums are so ubiquitous these days. It seems like a week after you've started your band, have four songs and maybe a demo, you're entitled to have one. Whatever happened to the tribute part of the equation? The part where people are supposed to be showing respect to a band that actually made some kind of difference, displayed some kind of amazing song-writing or skill or was simply fucking amazing?

For example: The Beatles deserve tribute albums; KC & the Sunshine Band do not. The Pixies deserve a tribute album; Great White do not. Jimi Hendrix deserves a tribute album (though few could do him justice); Savage Garden do not.

And just for the record: Bum definitely deserves a tribute album. Luckily, Gareth Gaudin of Magic Teeth Records has taken it upon himself to give them one, in the form of the new release *I Said Sometimes*.

Born in Victoria in the late '80s, Bum emerged as part of the power-pop invasion and rode the wave that propelled other contemporaries like the Stand GT, Mr. T Experience, Sicko, the Smugglers and the Fastbacks into the spotlight. Singing about nothing more original than love and lost love and only releasing two studio albums (and one live LP), Bum probably should have faded into a distant memory by the end of the '90s, but enduring (and endearing) song-writing and simple honesty in their work have managed to keep them alive these past years in

the hearts and minds of their fans, if not in actuality. "There's lots of smarmy rock bands who have an attitude that they've cultivated or stolen," Gaudin says from his Victoria home, "but Bum just seems to be four guys who have their own personalities and enjoy rocking more than being famous."

And Gaudin would know. Sharing a hometown with the band allowed him to spend his formative years going to shows and checking them out. And guitarist/vocalist Rob Nesbitt developed a rapport with Gaudin by frequenting the comic shop Gaudin worked at, looking for Star Wars Memorabilia. From there it was just a short step to being able to put out some unreleased Bum tracks on his own record label, for reasons which Gaudin is unabashed about: "I just love the songs—almost everything I've heard—and it's stayed with me. Heartfelt in the grand tradition of lost love and exuberance with sugar-buzz fun. Throw it all together and it spells rock and roll. And when I got the opportunity to start putting out some unreleased Bum songs that was just kind of a bonus. I could have my small part in being part of the Bum experience, as it were. I never saw the Beatles; I didn't see Nirvana when they played Victoria, but I released a Bum record and that means something in my stupid little head."

Still, after exhausting the unreleased Bum catalogue, Gaudin realized he either had to stop putting out records or

to shoot for something bigger, so, realizing that Bum had a bigger fan-base than most people gave them credit for, he put the word out that he was assembling a tribute album and waited for the contributions to start flowing in. "Everyone was pretty gung-ho about it. People had fond memories of Bum, so that was nice. Like the Stand GT—there's some stories that as far back as '92—'93 they were touring around and all they ever played was *Wanna Smash Sensation* in their van and they played 'I Hardly Breathe' live all the time, and they finally recorded it for me."

And not just the Stand GT, but Lisa Marr, Carolyn Mark, Run Chico Run, the Fastbacks and 22 others from all across the world: "Four continents. Japan, Canada, US, Australia, Spain. Five countries, four continents." 27 tracks covering every Bum song ever recorded but a track off of an obscure European single.

In the end, though, it's not the music that keeps Gaudin on course; it's the knowledge that he shares a bond with music lovers around the world. And having the potential to give something to them makes the album worthwhile. "It was nice to get an email from some kid in Japan who was amazed that I live in the same city as Bum. 'Do you see them on the street?' Yeah, our hometown heroes are rock gods to people elsewhere."

I said Sometimes comes out this month on Magic Teeth Records. Members of Bum can still be seen on the streets of Victoria.

Interpol

By Luke Meat

Full disclosure: When I was in high school, every May 18th, myself and two friends would smoke a ton of pot and get cop-sluggin' drunk on Big Bear whilst blasting every Joy Division album we owned. For in 1981, that was the sacred day Ian Curtis hung himself, and dammit, we had to come to terms with the fact that we would NEVER get to see Joy Division live. So needless to say, reports that New York band Interpol were the second coming of Joy Division were met with mixed skepticism and hopefulness. Either way, it was a delight to hear that they would be playing our fair city on Saturday, September 14th, and that I would be able to judge for myself.

First and foremost, Interpol are NOT the second coming of Joy Division, and understandably, they're not wild about the expectations raised by this constant comparison. They are simply a beautiful amalgamation of moody early '80s music that oddly sounds unique and original today. And while they may not be Joy Division reincarnate, they're a damn good band that put on a damn good show, despite numerous obstacles (including the by-now famous guitar-theft incident).

I found them in The Royal Hotel shooting pool, drinking, and reading the article about themselves in The Georgia Straight. This prompted me to ask...



Photographer Michael Edwards

DISCORDER: Are there any questions from journalists you particularly hate?

Daniel Kessler: We get pretty tired of the Joy Division question. Or our clothes...

Nevertheless, you are compared to them quite frequently. Is that a positive or negative thing?

DK: It depends. When it's yourself reading the paper or a review sometimes you're a little more sensitive. I don't mind doing press, but I try not to read it afterwards because it's out of your hands. All I care about is giving a good interview and being honest. You can't get too wrapped up in what people say about your style and your musical direction. We can only control what we as a band do.

Has there ever been a comparison [to another band] that Interpol viewed as completely unfounded?

DK: The Magnetic Fields... that was a weird one. It's strange because when we started the band, none of us discussed influences at all. Someone said we sounded like Kitchens of Distinction. I've never heard them. I think it's unfortunate that in this day and age we have to refer to one thing to describe another; we all do it. If we remind someone of something that's okay.

How does one look stylish without becoming a fashion victim?

Carlos Dengler: It's funny you should mention this because we were all reading this week's issue of *People Magazine's* "Best and Worst Dressed" issue! I think Kelly Osbourne is the cutest thing on the planet. Only she can get away with certain styles. It's always about what you feel looks good on you. One thing I can't stand is when people experiment with a style they can't walk in. Clothes on a rack are a completely different entity than when you put them on a person.

What has been playing in the tour van lately?

DK: The Warlocks. Personally I've been listening to Can, Tago Mago.

Can really did the blueprint for a lot. We all listen to Afghan Whigs when we're on the road.

Favourite Matador band?

DK: For a long time, Mogwai.

What is the true definition of a gentleman?

CD: Someone who treats every single person he meets with the utmost respect, that everyone on this planet deserves, regardless of who they are; anyone who is on top of their own game, in the sense that he doesn't have any issues. For instance, Gideon Yago (MTV news VJ): he has no attitude with anyone he talks to. Chivalry is very important as well.

Alcoholic beverage of choice?

DK: Strictly beer for me. Carlos and Paul tend to get stuck on very specific cocktails; y'know, "This is the best Bloody Mary I've ever had" or "This is the worst Martini I've ever had."

Hangover cure?

DK: There's nothing that a good greasy breakfast can't cure! We stopped at a Denny's as soon as we crossed the border!

The song "PDA" has appeared on three out of your four recordings. The song "Da Da Da" by the German band Trio appeared on three of their recordings. Have you ever driven a Volkswagen?

DK: [Laughs] PDA was recorded after we were together for five months. We did it on a four-track in our basement. We then recorded it again, only really slow. Listening to that version it was like, "Man, were we really stoned or something?" And then when Matador approached us about doing the full length we wanted to do the definitive version of PDA, which is what I think that version is.

In "PDA" the lyrics state, "we have 200 couches where you can sleep tight." Have you yourself ever couch-surfed?

DK: I'm too conscientious to do that sort of thing. Many people I know have, but...

The first Interpol EP is going for \$38 US on eBay right now! What is the most expensive thing you have ever bought and was it worth it?

CD: I spent about \$180 on a traditional, late-19th century tuxedo coat with tails. I only bust it out on special occasions, but it fit perfectly and I just had to have it; it's a beautiful thing.

What is the next historical era to be revised in fashion?

CD: I don't want to admit this, but since fashion is so cyclical... For example, when I was younger, I went to all these so-called "cool" parties dressed the way I am now but all the style was, was '60s soul or '70s disco, and yes, I'll be the first to admit there is an '80s revival happening. So what comes after the 87? 9! And I really don't want grunge to come back. That's my prediction, but I hope it won't come true.

For Interpol, is this as good as it gets?

DK: It is in one sense, but we're so levelheaded. We've been around for four years so we've paid our dues, but yeah, it is kinda whirlwindy. I mean, we went to Europe, we did a John Peel show—which was amazing—playing in the same place as Bowie, the Beatles and Led Zeppelin. We're just trying to keep everything really chill and keep focusing on songwriting. That's all that matters—maintaining control and putting out good records. That's all that should matter at least.

Past or present: Who's the best dressed band?

CD: It's a tie between us and Duran Duran.

under review

recorded media

AUTECHE Gantz Graf EP/DVD (Warp)

In perusing almost 10 years of reviews of **Auteche** albums, you come to realize that they represent a dismayingly limited literary genre: terms like "abstract," "granular," "fizzle," "austere," "clinical," "complex," "ritualistic," and (for those for whom the term "pseudo-intellectual" is more than a label, but, rather, a way of life) "deconstructed" are shuffled and spliced together, applied to various tracks in various proportions by various critics with seeming arbitrariness. Auteche, to their immense credit, have resisted this attempt to debase their music to a verbal discourse. Hence, my own difficulty in assessing Gantz Graf.

Auteche aspires to recreate the consciousness of (a) shockwave—the intellect of an abstract (there's that word again), chaotic entity. Sometimes it's beautiful and sometimes it's not. Sometimes I see transformation, demolition, expansion, and genesis, and sometimes I see a couple of guys outsmarting themselves. And, by corollary, sometimes it's worthy buying, and sometimes, as with the three songs on Gantz Graf, it's not. All in all, these tracks are a regression from the more interesting and coherent work on *Confield*.

That said, reviewing an Auteche album is rarely a productive act of musical criticism; any individual's reaction to their music at a given time will be the product of a complex and ultimately unpredictable set of intellectual, aesthetic, and emotional factors. Besides, they have enough of a core following now that Vancouver's Buddy Holly glasses-wearing pretentia will buy this EP no matter what I say.

As for the videos also included here (on DVD), the only new one—for "Gantz Graf" itself, directed by Alexander Rutherford—is uninspired: it features what I can only presume to be a hyper-spatial Constructivist Kitchen appliance trapped in one of those screen savers that generates abstract visual patterns in time to the beat coming from your speakers. An interesting premise, perhaps, that feels underdeveloped, and also, somehow, fundamentally pretentious: the roving camera angles and accelerating/decelerating action are a convention in contemporary pop

videos that more sophisticated visual renderings (cf. **Plaid**—whose music, in my opinion, lends itself infinitely more to visual representation) know to avoid.

As for the other videos, "Bassacade" and "Second Bad Vibes," both are available for download from auteche.nu, in a more convenient format than DVD.

Dorovan

STEVE EARLE Jerusalem (E-Squared)

The cover of **Bruce Springsteen's** *Born in the USA* is red, white and blue. The cover of **Jerusalem** is orange, beige, and green. "Born in the USA" is about a Vietnam vet. "John Walker's Blues" is about a Jihad vet. *Born in the USA* is a pretty shitty album. Most of the songs on *Jerusalem* are pretty good. Bruce Springsteen has a hot ass that chicks love and he has never been in jail. **Steve Earle** has been married six times, and he was a heroin addict and an alcoholic. Do you see the pattern here? Me neither.

Christina Min

IRON AND WINE The Creek Drank The Cradle (Sub Pop)

What is it about slide guitar? Something about the way a slide blurs notes together just pulls me in. So I was a pushover when the strangely restrained, thrumming tones of unknown **Sam Beam's** guitar filled my earphones. His solo, home-recorded *The Creek Drank The Cradle* blends countrified folk and the blues into a sound that is at once utterly distinctive and comfortably familiar. Each song is comprised of delicately layered vocals and acoustic guitars, with slide, banjo and pedal steel providing melodies over Beam's exquisitely subtle strumming and finger work. Whispered three- and four-part vocal harmonies reminiscent of **Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young** are mellow, heartfelt, and startlingly poetic (from "Lion's Mane": "Love is a tired symphony you hum when you're awake/love is a crying baby mother warned you not to shake"). The production is as bizarrely perfect as the music: recorded in his garage on 8-track tape, Beam's recordings have an ethereal, grainy quality reminiscent of early acoustic recording processes. It is hard to believe this music was recorded in the

present day, let alone in suburban Miami Beach, where Beam works as a film instructor at a local college. However, it's for real. And Sub Pop has their grubby little hands on another 13 tracks....

Susy Webb

JAZZTORY 57 (Guildwood)

Don't let the name turn you away. **Jazztory** isn't the hippest name for a jazz group, or an album for that matter. On top of that, I've never been a fan of self-titled albums to begin with, but I was forced to throw away misconceptions aside when I listened to this disk.

This Toronto-based quartet's debut is haunting, full of conversational interplay between four wonderful musicians. Trumpeter Lina Allemano takes the lead from opening second of sound, giving melodies composed by guitarist Tim Postgate a brooding atmosphere. She displays both technical skill and melodic sensibility throughout. Drummer Jean Martin adds to the atmosphere nicely, using a wide palette of sounds to keep the percussion interesting, while bassist Bob Clutton uses his bow much of the time to create a thick wall of sound. Particularly fine is the group interaction on "If Boats," an introspective piece full of quiet tension.

This disc was recorded live in March last year. Some live recordings strike me as inspired and interest me greatly; other times, I find them quite inaccessible. Sometimes you get the feeling that the group would have been great to see live, but on record it all sounds dull. Thankfully, this performance is almost as enjoyable on disc as it would have been live. The music leaps between Euro-classical ideas and pop phrasing with ease throughout, and the playing is so inspired that I wish I were there.

Lucas Tds

KARIYA Let Me Love You For Tonight 12" (Stakka and Skyнет "Sunrise" Remix) (Retro)

In D&B circles, opinion is divided on the merits of using vocal tracks. Opposed are the so-called old skools, the so-called hardcores—and even a few residual so-called b-boys—but on preserving the original UK D&B sound; inclined are the

exponents of the newer generation, receptive to the notion of fusing the original vibe with more melodic elements from house and trance, some even going so far as to endorse the integration of D&B as a culture with the commercialized mainstream. This schism has led to the proliferation of vicious debate on our own, peace-loving homegrown forum—the typically tranquil dnb.bca.ca. As an intellectual and a mystic, I transcend these petty divisions. Locking D&B into its primordial state would mean more of the beloved old skool vibe, but would also threaten D&B as a genre as a site of ongoing innovation; assimilation into the mainstream is even less appealing: no genre can retain its potency or its intellectual integrity when it's being played back to back with **Da Silva** on commercial radio. No, my friends, the way forward is the way of balance—the way of the electronic occult.

D&B has become the most relevant electronic genre today through its fundamentally triangular structure—a depressive bassline, a confused, neutral (but propulsive) rhythm and an enthused (from the Greek *en theos*—"in god") treble—which has evolved over the course of its history. We see the triangle imprinted in the spirit of every truly profound cultural/mystical trope in human history: hence the Vedic, Babylonian, and Hellenic triads, the three phases of the White Goddess and her lunar consort, the Hegelian dialectic, the three consolations of Buddhism, the alchemical rite of putrefaction, the Saussurean formula for the emergence of linguistic (and cultural) meaning, the numerological speculations of Pythagoras, the cosmology of the Transformers (Autobot/Deception/Unicron), the Pseud system of Tension, and the Christian Trinity. Vocals (primarily female or falsetto male) can be readily adapted to the treble component of this formula; more complex permutations are an inevitable—and desirable—vicissitude as the genre continues to develop. Certainly, overuse of vocals will spell the untimely end of D&B, but the balance of producers creating vocal tracks and non-vocal tracks is, at this moment, ideal, with excellent work being done on both ends of the spectrum.

On the vocal side, we take, by way of example, the **Stakka and Skyнет** remix of **Kariya's** house classic "Let Me Love You For Tonight." The deployment of the formula is raw (though creatively contrived through the skillful adaptation of the original track's piano line as a component of the bass), and the result is impressive. It can be difficult to mix due to its

rapid, difficult to disguise intro, and the vocal sample is overused by the end, but if you don't mind getting ripped off on the B-side (not that the original mix is bad in its own right, but you won't be able to use it in a set), this is an awesome track.

Donovan

LUNA Close Cover Before Striking (Jesse)

Luna's new release, *Close Cover Before Striking*, is just that: striking. Their album cover is simple but striking, and the music follows suit: simple, clean, lyric-driven, and with exceptional guitar handling. Dean Wareham sings lead—soft, fairly mellow; Sean Edem on guitar—fabulous; Lee Wall offers strong and grooving drums; and Britta Phillips—who you might better recognize as the voice of JEM1—a recent addition on bass, is great. The style is a little reminiscent of **Mercury Rev**, but not too much. Just enough. I, for one, am very pleased with this album and while it's been a year since they last visited Vancouver, I'll be keeping my ears and eyes out and my crossables crossed for their return.

Renita Long

MAYFIRES USA Walking in a Straight Line (Yep Roc)

If Rock Roy wanted to throw a romantic dinner for Rock Girl, he may very well have had this CD going in the background to assist the candlelight. It's not that **Mayfires USA** are **Coldplay**-boring or **Oasis**-monotone, but they're close. The problem is they've found one OK sound and dedicated everything to it. Every song: same fuzzed guitar, same vocals with harmony, same lack of drumming, same EVERYTHING. After listening to the album for what seemed like 30 seconds, I checked to see if the first song had ended yet, but apparently it was already on Track 7. Good God man, it's like one long song. Oh, and if you're into lyrics, have fun decoding the sometimes half-audible vocals (due to the half-assed engineering job).

PS. Rock Boy, if you're reading this, hope you get some action tonight.

Eurassia

OPERATION MAKEOUT Hang Loose (Mint)

Finally able to rise above their unfortunate reputation for sounding exactly like **Sleater Kinney**, **Operation Makeout** has made some steps since their *First Base* EP. Hang Loose has a little more in the way of visceral energy, and they're starting to carve out a more idiosyncratic sound for them-

selves with a few more angles and some added aggression courtesy of a stronger vocal presence from Jesse. Their main strength, though, has always been their talent for a solid hook which is as evident as ever, especially on tracks like "Life On Your Window sill," and "Take the Rains" (a little postcard to Vancouver?). The recipe is sweetened further by the natural evolution of the same songwriting complex guitar-they've employed before, complemented nicely with boy-girl vocal trade-offs. The hidden remix of "You And Me Geometry" by **Secret Mommy** (a.k.a. **The Epidemic**—Andy Dixon of **Red Light Sting** fame) is also surprisingly cool. Catchy punk rock tunes don't really lend themselves to IDM remixes, but Secret Mommy makes it work, coming off like the bastard child of **Matmos** and **Kid 606**. In fact, after a few listens, I'm finding this remix to be one of my favorite tracks on the album. It starts off a little rocky—different elements just banging around like FM radios in a garbage can—but it eventually gets distorted beyond recognition into a suction-click-pop groove before swinging back into an exploded, processed repetition of the chorus. All-around, **Hang Loose** is a solid first-length for a popular local band with a lot of potential. I don't doubt that we'll see more and even better things from them soon.

Saelan

THE PUPILS S/T (Dischord)

This album will never reach much of an audience—regardless, I'll try and convince you that you should run out and buy it. Daniel and Asa (of the band **Lungfish**) have crafted an impeccable collection of songs that are capable of subtly rocking. The starkness of Daniel and Asa's two guitar, balls-out rock is amazing, coming off at times a minimalist version of **Led Zeppelin**. It's not all rock in the Pupils' universe, though, and the duo also employ a chilling quiet side in which they further explore their imaginative lyrical abilities.

Still, I doubt I convinced you to buy it. But I tried.

Jay Douillard

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE Songs for the Deaf (Interscope)

The Queens of the Stone Age return in full force with a sound that defies description, but rocks hard just the same. It's always been hard to classify this group's music—is it too grunge, too metal, or so-called "stoner rock"? The Queens prove it doesn't matter with this collection of 14 hard-hitting songs. The opening track, "Millionaire," starts off the album with a bang, as Nick

Oliveri's vocals scream across Dave Grohl's primal drumming. Grohl's drumwork is so unbelievably powerful, you'll wish it was 1991 all over again. "No One Knows" is blessed with an addictive guitar riff, supplanted by Josh Homme's reassuring voice. "Go with the Flow" showcases the band's ability to deliver biting lyrics alongside a catchy hook: "I want something good to die for/To make it beautiful to live." "Another Love Song" brings back memories of old country with organs and tambourines ringing in the background.

Perhaps the greatest strength of this album is its sheer variety. Three musicians share lead vocal duty here, and the songs range from punk ("Six Shooter") to lush instrumental pop ("Mosquito Song"). *Songs for the Deaf* is far from perfect, though—the album may be a bit too long, the great songs are found exclusively in the first half, and phony radio-station introductions to the songs attempt to tie the album together, but become tiresome with repeat listening. That's not to say this is a bad album. Far from it. If you're looking for pure rock and roll, you've found it.

James Hus

ROOTS MANUVA Dub Come Save Me (Big Dada)

Here's a shocker: a dub-remix album that's not only worthy of the original, but actually better! Last year, *Roots Manuva's Run Come Save Me* earned rave reviews as the best British hip-hop album of the year (admittedly not a tight race), and while *Roots*' dancehall-flavored rhymes were smooth enough, it felt a little short in the production department. Word is, *Roots* did most of it himself while learning to use his Pro Tools, so if ever there were a prime candidate for a dubwise redux with a talented producer, this is it. *Lord Gosh* steps in to handle production duties and delivers all the rolling, hazed-out, speaker-rattling basslines that every dub-freak dreams about at night. For "Revolution 5," *Chali 2na* of *Jurassic 5* lends his superbly rhythmic vocal typical of the mix, trading off lyrics with *Roots* for a stunning track that's as good or better than anything else that he's recorded to date. And, like a good spliff, this album gets deeper and more potent as it burns down. "Teers" veers in a darker and heavier direction, tuning into a Bristol vibe that delivers everything I'd hoped that the sadly disappointing partnership between *Mos Def* and *Massive Attack* would provide. Most surprising of all is that the rubbery remix of "Dreamy Days" is by none other than those eclectic Welsh pranksters *The Super*

Furry Animals. If the liner notes didn't print it, though, it would have been impossible to tell, and while not the strongest track on the album, it's still solid. "The Lynch" follows directly on its heels with a colossal synth-driven bounce that can get even an ass as white as mine gyrating like a chimpanzee in heat. After a few more Lord Gosh haze-outs and a guest appearance by *Ridda*, the album closes out with smooth and satisfying dub of the *Run Come Save Me* B-side "Witness (I Manifest)" that's so hot you'll need roach pills to finish it off.

Saelan

RUN FOR COVER LOVERS The Difficult Nature of Interpersonal Relationships (Good Fork/Rockin' Pussy)

A surprise act from out of nowhere (well, Oakland, CA, actually), the *Run for Cover* *Lovers* take a lesson from the old rock cookbook. In this cassette they've thrown in some guitar-based rock, some pumping organ (uh... never mind), and good driving pop. And in the mix, if that weren't enough, is a light sprinkling of the *Pixies* and *Beat Happening*. Perhaps a little bit of *X* thrown in there as well, especially on the title track. "Kubota Tractor" sounds a bit like the Berlin, adolescent, spazz-rock band *Pop Tarts*, and that's a plus. Also included within the 14 tracks is the long lost *Von LMO's* "Monoshock." How often do you come across an album with more than two good songs? This breaks the trend with humour, weirdness, heartache and confidence.

Bleek

SNITCHES Star Witness (Write Off Records)

The Strokes, *The White Stripes*, *The Hives*, *The Vines*. Now add to that list, *The Snitches*, Canada's contribution to a "rawk." At first listen, I thought they could easily be grouped in with the above bands, but upon closer examination, I found *Star Witness* couldn't be explained that easily. This is an extremely varied CD. Songs like "December 21" and "Sugar Mommy" are pretty typical of the latest sound, but "In My Head" has a *Ramones* rhythm all over it and a lyrical style straight out of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. The melodic and sweet "Wednesdays On My Mind" sounds like *Elvis Costello* should sing it. "Gets Me Down" starts off sounding like a *Doors* song but ends up (thankfully) with an up-tempo return to raucous yelling, which seems to be *Snitches*' trademark. Listening to this album makes me want to see them live, just to figure out if their musical spastic energy is physical as well. *Star Witness* should be delivered to

mainstream radio so stations can stop using *Nickelback* to fulfill those Canadian content rules. Actually, scratch that. This CD is much too fun to meet such a fate.

Jana

STRUNG OUT
American Paradox
(Fat Wreck Chords)
My first exposure to *Strung Out* was several years ago at a small show in an unventilated third floor room on East Hastings, with *Good Riddance* and I can't remember who else. They blew me away back then, in the good old days. I had never before witnessed such intensity. I'm sad to say that I am disappointed in this recent release. What used to be new and exciting has become cliché. God, I feel old.

This is a slickly produced CD that sounds pretty much like everything else out there. The lyrics are not interesting and the layout features a heavily made-up woman with a gun. I would complain more, but I already feel like an old fart. Kids these days....

Michael

VARIOUS ARTISTS Oscillate (nice-smooth)

If you know something about D&B culture in North America, you probably know that Toronto, Canada is considered to be one of this continent's few true Meccas; if, like me, you lacked evidence of the merit of this reputation, correct your shameful ignorance now with *Oscillate*. The tracks on this album are spectacular, from *Dynasty w/ Sunya's* exquisitely autumnal "Glass Slipper" (and its masterful mix out of *Ilfinagas* "Union Station"), to *Liquidified's* balanced but propulsive "Perspectives," to *Visionary w/ Sol Azul's* lugubrious, Latin-based anthem "Sola Bossa." Former Vancouver D&B deity *Andy B* also contributes with "October," giving the already impressive Toronto natives' tracks some healthy competition—and proving that Vancouver is a vital and talented scene in its own right. The narrative flow of the track selection is sinuous and ambitious but clean. The only drawback is the digital mixing, which lends itself to some uncreative transitions on the last half of the album. All told: more than worth tracking down, and go see the nice-smooth.com website while you're at it.

Donovan



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Sorry, I Wasn't Listening: Reviews of CDs I Didn't Listen To By Chris Eng

BLACK DICE Beaches & Canyons (DFA)

Grifting is a fine art. Being able to take people along for a con—either big or short—is a singular ability and, while it generally doesn't emerge overnight, it does require some innate talent. Emerging from the loose partnership of three young con-artists working the casinos and clubs of New York, *Black Dice* were faced with two simple options: stop working the casinos and get into music (which all of the members were doing on the side, anyway) or risk giving themselves away (by getting sloppy and throwing a pair of "black dice," as it were) and end up wearing a pair of cement overshoes. The boys opted for the latter and, instead of actually scamming people, now they've pulled off the ultimate job—singing about grifts and establishing maximum cool and credibility.

Advice common to the point of cliché contends that people should write about what they know and, in line with that, *Beaches & Canyons* is a concept album about living a life of crime. "Seabirds" kicks things off with a beach-side meeting before the biggest job of their career: "Things Will Never Be the Same" is about the job going wrong; and "Big Drop" covers the last job they commit before they leave the life. It's all raw and earnest, but their intentions lay cloaked behind a veil of what's left unsaid, and that's where *Black Dice's* true power lies—because they don't need to say everything; they know they've been there and once you've listened to their new disc, you will too.

OCT!

SYNCHRO-SHORTS

Inspired experiments with film and music from the folks who brought you *DAKOTA SIDE OF THE RAINBOW*

I PUT A SPELL ON ME!

West Coast Premiere of the incredible documentary on SCREAMIN' JIM HAWKINS featuring JIM JARMUSCH, ERIC BURDON, BO DIDDLEY, DIAMANDA GALAS and more

THE SPARROW: FLYING ON THREE WHEELS

Live instrumental magic and 15mm memories with special guests THE SECRET THREE

AL RAZUTIS LIVE WITH AMERICA

Rare 3-screen visual alchemy presentation from one of the most influential avant-gardists of his generation

HIGH STRANGE NEW MEXICO

PLUS: BILL BROWN'S ROSWELL... It is alien spotting season in Roswell...

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Brakhage's tremendous epic of nature

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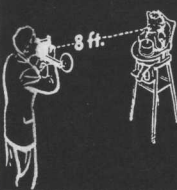
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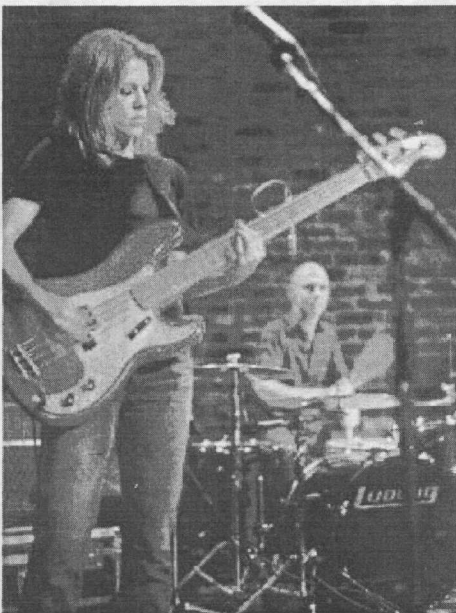
DANIEL KRAUS'S JEFFTOWNE

Alcohol, pornography, and petty theft—Jeff Towner has Down's Syndrome, and he is here to blast the cliché out of the water.



real live action

live music reviews



Britta Phillips of Luna daydreams about opening for the MC5 and screaming out, "KICK OUT THE JAMS, MOTHER-FUCKERS!" Photo by Sarah Rowlands.

WILCO

THE BOAS

Saturday, August 31

Sunday, September 1

Commodore Ballroom

Do me a favour and invest your memories with genuine hope, please forget everything they've told you, cross your arms and close your eyes. I could tell you what I saw, maybe what some others said, and perhaps the universal experience as clear as "Simon says," but I won't. Don't get me wrong; this wasn't epiphany or biblical harmony, just a band, just another rock and roll band. So why all the guile? Or am I simply playing coy?

You want to know and you want words—like drywall for your mind—so you cry, then shiver and wake in the fury of some other man's thoughts flying through your mind. Fine, all right I'll give it, and then let it drift and die alone in the longing dawn of the day and understanding.

A two-night stand in the Commodore Ballroom and suddenly I've forgotten everything.

Two nights with a band named Wilco, and they're not just another band in the Ballroom. Mr. Tweedy says "I am trying to break your heart" but still it'd be lying, if I said it wasn't easy," and its so clear and 35mm perfect, with his intention so blunt and stated. How can you break a heart at its ecstatic and "euphoric peak"? How can you hate a man who tells you that?

I really don't want to waste your time and tell how the lighting accented this or how spot on the so and so was. If you were there, I'm happy; if not, then wait patiently for your turn. But how the night disappeared and the world seemed to turn over, and all the sorrow seemed irrelevant for a while. Standing in the Ballroom, I felt years go by as I finally got to see in-person and up-close a band whose albums mean so much to me. Every song was a whisper of a bad day and lost love, and every word a portrait of a night sky through a city bus window. I'm man enough to know when my tears are true and when they simply get by.

On the first night, they left two songs out of their set—two songs I ached to hear. The second night, they played those songs—is it so simple, is it so fucking simple to break my heart? If you see them, ask Mr. Tweedy, 'cause I'm sure he saw when he silenced and strummed into "Red-Eyed and Blue." Man, he wasn't lying; it was so easy.

Oh, by the by, **The Boas** were a nice little discovery: new to the road and genuine in their intent. Some old **Neil Young**, **Buffalo Springfield** vocals fed through **Byrds**-era **Gram Parsons** style guitar work and a beautiful rhythm section. They were right in the depths of it on the first night, lost in the brilliance of their own songs. The second night they were cut short on time and punctuation, more stuttering than steering their set, but I grew rather fond of the mopish fellas from Chicago.

PS: When I woke after each night (like Angels dream the universe sleeps), I was uncertain of who I was, and the

peace of that moment shook me awake to the relevance and serenity of my life, my own life, and all our lives. Thank-you, Wilco....

Derek Sterling Boone

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

Monday, September 2

Commodore Ballroom

Despite the fact that it was a Monday night of a long weekend, the Commodore was fullish, if not packed to capacity, showing the appeal of the legendary Dub poet **Linton Kwesi Johnson** and his backing band, fronted by bassist Dennis Bovell.

Johnson looked and sounded exactly the way I imagined him; that is, like all pictures I've ever seen and all the albums I've ever heard—his voice completely rhythmic and heavy as a bass drop. Bovell provided an interesting figure to watch as he grimaced his way through the set as Johnson busted out his spanning his entire career of some 20 odd years, all of them, of course, politically and socially charged. His poems dealt with racial issues in England, police brutality, somewhat current Eastern European events and society's loss of leisure time. There were some notable tunes missing in my opinion, however, when the crowd tried to interact with him by shouting out a desired track, Johnson made a point of informing us that he would decide which poems he would deliver. This concert was definitely a sermon, delivered by a master, no doubt, but with the audience kept at a distance—possibly because Johnson wanted to maintain a dignified and detached air, but maybe because he's simply unhappy with touring.

Karen Larsen

LUNA

SECRET THREE

Tuesday, September 3

Richard's on Richards

Making new couples happy to have someone to spoon and stage the night away, **Luna** staged a show for the hopeless *Romantic* in all of us, Singletons; however, were left to reconsider how hastily they ended their last relationship. The New York four-piece (plus a guest keyboardist, who doubled as a videographer), delivered a set of quirky guitar pop songs that celebrate the sweet idiosyncrasies of relationships. They played a few from their latest album, *Romantic*, but a lot of old hits like "Pup Tent," a tune that starts off with "sneaking a kiss from the fire escape" a little game of pup tent with a blanket and a broom.

What keeps Luna from being sugary sweet is the edgy guitar playing by lead singer Dean Wareham and lead guitarist Sean Eden. The two appear to share a genuine affection for one another and off stage, as Wareham teased Eden about his growing

dependency on Shreddies.

Bassist Britta Phillips, who some may recognize as the pill-popping drummer in *Satisfaction*, seemed to be in her own little headspace. Playing a bass that looked like it weighed more than her, Phillips occasionally looked up from her blond wisps with an impish smirk, letting the almost all male crowd know that she was aware of their gawking presence. Even when she slinked up to the mic to lend backups in a couple of songs, including "Tiger Lily," she was demure and somewhat detached. Despite her demeanour, Phillips' voice was warm and inviting. Her honeyed vocal contribution contrasted harmoniously with Wareham's voice, who at times sounded like a more nasal, less ornery **Lou Reed**.

Openers, a local instrumental band called **The Secret Three** were, in fact, four. They played digestible jazzy music with intermittent **Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet** undertones, proving to be a perfect prelude to the maestros of eccentric love songs.

Ending with three encores, Luna finally wrapped things up with a well-received cover of **Fred Neil's** "everybody's talking" from *Midnight Cowboy*. Apart from that, Luna played the same songs to much of the same crowd as the last time they were here and their loyal following didn't seem to mind. Couples went home and tried new positions, while the rest of us went home in a lonely drunken stupor, fighting the urge to make that regrettable midnight call to an ex.

Sarah Rowland

BURNING CAGE

Thursday, September 5

Festival House

You know the posturing that goes on when you know you're about to receive bad news—folding your arms tightly around your stomach and grabbing at your back fat for comfort, all the while wishing that you didn't have back fat? When I entered the theatre (or porty studio?) where **Burning Cage** was playing in early September, my body language was altered. I wasn't snapping my gum and I wasn't talking to my friends. I haven't been to a lot of plays, but I'll tell you, it's really alarming to realize that by the time you enter, the actors have been on stage for 10 minutes and they have to maintain those awkward positions, gnarled on the floor, for 20 minutes more until the show "begins." It was like being on one of those quiet buses where nobody wanted to be the one jackass who talks. It was an appropriate beginning to a play that literally stopped my digestion.

Burning Cage, written and delivered by Mary Jane Gibson and Nicole d'Fresne tells the story of two women in a

Boston asylum for the mentally ill and criminally insane. Celeste is in jail for murder (of the man who was raping her at the time) and Olivia is in jail for taking a female lover. Both "crimes" are textbook cases of documented "mental problems," and the subjects are being treated with electroshock and LSD. Take that with the fact that they haven't had a conversation with anyone in over two years who wasn't administering them drugs or strapping them down, and it makes for quite a scene when they encounter a way to connect despite their cell wall.

Burning Cop is about isolation and connection in a time when women were "treated" for problems like assertiveness, post-partum depression, prostitution and jealousy. It's an unsettling play concerning attitudes that have yet to be entirely eroded. Eat lightly. Showstar

SHINDIG! YOUR FUNERAL A VIRGIN IN HOLLYWOOD HUMAN HIGHLIGHT REEL

Tuesday, September 10
Railway Club
SHINDIG! First night! September 10 was the first of 13 consecutive Tuesday evenings devoted to CITR's annual live music competition. Three bands entered the Railway Club, but only one advanced to the next round: **Your Funeral, A Virgin in Hollywood, and Human Highlight Reel** were an impressive start to the contest.

Your Funeral is a punk band, and a tight one. The lead guitarist, whose long hair perhaps belies the band's buzzsaw sound, dropped gear solos into short and smart songs. The song that must be the band's theme, "Your Funeral," was a highlight. With choruses shouted by the entire group, and synchronized skyward punches, this high-revving machine called **Your Funeral** set a high standard as the first band of Shindig! 2002.

A Virgin in Hollywood plays pop music, as in "tapping your hand against your beer and smiling even though the singing tells such dark stories" pop music. Theirs were easily the most hook-laden songs of the night. Their bassist is their lead singer, and her non-nonsense bass lines held things together well, even when her singing became perhaps too theatrical. This band, obviously confident in their musicianship, put on an energetic show, maintaining high spirits through the entire set.

Human Highlight Reel plays pop music, as in "some fairly off-kilter keyboard-based" pop music. Their frontman, from the back of the stage, used a couple of keyboards and a Radio Shack Boxing Day sale's worth of gadgetry to provide all of the melody, while shouting his lyrics in a matter-of-fact

tone. His constant mock-chiding of his bandmates was hilarious (to the sweating drummer: "Why did you wear a sweater?!"). When not joking with each other and the crowd, **Human Highlight Reel** found the place where creativity and technical proficiency meet, and stayed there for each of their songs. The band's drummer and bassist made like a metronome and clicked, as they say.

After the ballots were cast and counted, it was found that the panel of judges had deadlocked. A tie-breaking CITR volunteer had to contribute an extra vote and that put **Human Highlight Reel** on top of the pile and into the next round.

Note: The segment of the night during which would-be comedians are given beer for telling jokes—"Jokes for Beer"—was a painful exercise. The audience listened to joke after played-out joke, giving the collective shout of approval to very few jesters. The hecklers, frankly, offered the best laughs. My hint: if the joke appears in a volume titled *101 Jokes to Crack Up Your Friends at Recess*, leave it there. Please. **Michael Schwandt**

WIRE HOT HOT HEAT HINT HINT

Tuesday, September 10
Showbox (Seattle)
Three songs into **Wire's** set my friend turned to me, pointed at Bruce Gilbert, and asked, "Is he a senior citizen?" Gilbert isn't fat or crippled, just gray with osteoporosis. His guitar sounded like abrasive death. It was great. Colin Newman held the mic as if he were singing karaoke and pranced around while strumming his headless wedge guitar. He doesn't slouch—he's just got off fat. His voice sounded like 1978. It was great. And despite the fact that they didn't play a single song from *Ideal Copy* or *Manscape* (we screamed "Children of Groceries!" every five seconds to no avail). **Wire** were great. We had to settle for a couple from *Pink Flag*. Oh well. **Christa Min**

SHINDIG! WOODY MY PROJECT: BLUE

Tuesday, September 17
Railway Club
Week Two of SHINDIG! was an odd one: my feelings upon attending were the opposite of how I'd thought I'd react based on the website's demo songs. The Railway Club was already pretty packed when I arrived—the centerpiece being a birthday party wherein several men were all dressed as Vegas-era Elvis (paunch and puffy face included in only one of the getups, although I suspect it wasn't makeup).

I was most excited to see the first band, **Woody**, whose track "Kitsilano Cowboy" was

hilariously ironic and alt-country. They presented well on stage, with three of them in matching black bowling shirts with a wide blue stripe. Unfortunately, their performance was not nearly so inspired as a synchronized wardrobe. A mix of country and surf guitar, what had promised to be intelligently humorous was, in actuality, just plain silly. The best moment was when the singer left the stage, forcing the three guys to play a surf-guitar track. I immediately thought that perhaps they were originally a surf act and the singer was their Yoko Ono.

I'd noticed that, during **Woody's** set, the crowd was unusually boisterous, but it hadn't bothered me. Unfortunately, **My Project: Blue**, who were the second act of the night, really deserved some quiet. A quartet featuring two acoustic guitars, drums and mini-moog/bass, they had a soft, aereal sound that seemed suited to artsy coffee shops. Backed by grainy 8mm video of random families doing family-oriented things, they sang about—well, I'm not entirely sure what they sang about, but it sounded pretty mournful, which I probably should have expected, given the name. The singer, hiding behind hair, has the Thom Yorke-style wall down pat, making anything he sang sound slightly sad and angry. The tracks in which they added the bass generally sounded better, although the richest sound came when the singer put down his guitar to take up the synthesizer, and they left me in a meditative mood as they walked off-stage.

Goshen was...atmospheric rock? An instrumental three-piece that they cruised through their set, each song morphing into the next until I suddenly realized I never noticed any difference between them all. Each felt like just one more iteration of the previous with negligible differences. Despite this, or perhaps because of this, they succeeded in creating a definite atmosphere in the room, which had thinned out noticeably by then, although the live were all still going strong. They were instantly forgettable and, as I write this, I'm having a hard time recalling anything about them. They were completely anonymous on stage as well, with no introduction or interaction with the audience—they just played through their set and got off. Despite this seemingly negative review, I did somewhat enjoy **Goshen**, although it may be more apt to say that I didn't dislike them. I'm not sure they had enough presence to really sway me either way.

The judges had it easy this night—**My Project: Blue** was so much better than either of the other two bands; indeed, I'd say they've an excellent chance of

winning SHINDIG! this year. **Steve Tannock**

SHINDIG IN MEDIAS RES THE BASEMENT SWEETS THE SKELETON FOLK

Tuesday, September 24
Railway Club
The third week of SHINDIG! was all about the rock I grew up with, sequentially. First up was **In Medias Res**, who hearkened back to the days of plaid flannel and post-teen angst of Seattle Grunge. In the middle was the pleasing pop-rock of **The Basement Sweets** echoing the Halifax pop-rock scene full of quirky, songs, easy-to-listen-to music and something interesting to say. We ended the night with a return to today's pared-down garage rock via the two-piece, **The Skeleton Folk**. It was a great trip through the last 10 years of my life.

In Medias Res started the night off just right with an old-school but immediately accessible sound. They were grunge to a T in sound and attitude from the "I'm too cool to know what to say" mumbblings of the lead singer between songs ("It looks like you're just watching us," "W-W-W...W...no, 3-w's," "This is our next song"), to the slow/furious mix that made it all work so well, and it paid off with a pretty kick-ass show.

I was suspicious of **The Basement Sweets** when they came on. They have one of those "funny-at-first, less funny every time afterward" names and looked like they might start into weird, introspective art-rock, but ended up playing pretty straight-up pop-rock. Unfortunately, they were appallingly mistake-prone, which I found somewhat charming, but I suspect others may be less forgiving with, turning the game of pseudo-sloans to pseudo-Talking Heads, their charming little observations made for some interesting pop songs, but their sound was a little barren and would probably do well with an additional instrument.

After a tepid repeat **Jokes for Beer** segment, **The Skeleton Folk**—a girl/boy two-piece featuring—she on drums, he on guitar and vocals—took the stage and immediately started having problems. He broke a string on the first song, but fortunately had a spare guitar, so they continued a meandering, pleasingly banal set of songs.

As I'd expected from the halfway point of their set, **In Medias Res** carried the night, rounding out the finalists for the first semi-final. It'll be an interesting battle, I think, between these three winners. **Steve Tannock**

SLEATER-KINNEY Saturday, September 28

Showbox (Seattle)
The only thing better than having your favourite band play for an hour and a half on your birthday is having your girl-

friend surprise you with tickets for the show, shortly after waking. This September, both of these happened to me.

She had been commanding me for weeks not to make plans for that night and I agreed, because I'm a sucker for a good surprise and besides, my last few birthdays had sucked, so I thought maybe by leaving it in somebody else's hands, I might be able to coax something good out of the day. Five hours later, I found myself rocketing toward Seattle in a Chrysler LeBaron, hopped to the roof on sugar and high with the promise of a hot night of rockin'. We stopped for Red Bull across the border, we stopped for Taco Bell, and when we hit Seattle we stopped for beer. Only then we were ready to face the gale-force phenomenon known as Sleater-Kinney.

There are those skeptics that said that S-K had mellowed, that Corin's baby had removed the fire from her, that the band had lost their edge. I would not only like to proclaim those nay-sayers wrong, I would like to call them out into the parking lot so I can boot-fuck them old-school style for 90 minutes while a boombox plays *One Beat* at max volume, just to give them a crystal-clear image of what the show was like.

Because they hit that hard. Playing almost all of the songs off of *One Beat*, plus assorted tracks off every album, but their first, they lost nothing from performances of previous years. Carrie still did her super rock-kicks; Corin still screamed loud and heart-breakingly enough to tear the world in half; and Janet still beat the drums with intensity enough to make **John Bonham** sound like a church-bound Hammond organ set to bossanova on the slowest setting.

The fans refused to leave and S-K came back for a second encore (for the first time on this tour), belting out a cover of my favourite B-52's song ("Private Idaho"), continuing with possibly my favourite of their songs ("Good Things") and finishing things with maybe my second favourite song ("Little Babies"). Not a bad birthday present, all in all. I stumbled into the night with an ear to ear grin permanently etched on my face, buoyed for the long drive home by the knowledge that sometimes, even when you think it's impossible for bands to continually top themselves, they can still manage it for six albums, seven years or one amazing fucking night. **Chris Eng**



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5. JP Carter Quartet
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- 7:00 Roger Dean Young (release)
8. Jessica Eaton opening w/ front of Tigers and = Broken Crow Quartet every Tuesday:
- Paralela Improv. Nite!
9. Ox w/ guests
10. A/V Lodge
11. Stefan Stokovitz
12. Cont w/ Paisy Duke
13. Guitar Trio
14. CLOSED (eat)
16. Loose Acoustic
17. Coco Love Alcorn
18. Springer & Ducommun
19. John Guliak and the Levanon Bros.
20. Origins
21. JP Carter Trio
23. Rat Pordy
- 24-26 "EAT ME"
- VNM Festival of asian music
24. Alvin Ramos & DJ
25. Mimis Am! Aural
26. Masu Anzai Aural
27. The Neins
28. Signer (Park, NY) (Close (Pug Research) Wein Volt (Pug Research) Lescl (Kranky, Van) 4:00 Tux @ the door
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THE MAIN

October

Thurs Oct 3 not from Edmonton... Edmonton Block Heater and guest Tanya Philipovitch

Fri Oct 4 Toronto's Michelle Rumball w/ special guests Adrienne Pierce and Marcus Martin

Sat Oct 5 Clay George, Dave Gowan and John Guliak... tribute to Neil Diamond... just kidding (maybe)

Thurs Oct 10 Sandman the rapin' cowboy from Olympia, Washington w/ travelling companion... Jen Grady

Fri Oct 11 big band rocking bluesabilly w/ Butch Murphy & The Greasy Kings

Sat Oct 12 surviving on a steady diet of tequila and rattlesnake steaks... Swank w/ Guest

Fri Oct 18 Evil Eggstar recording artist... Leah Abramson w/ guest Kent McAllister

Sat Oct 19 cathouse jazz w/ The Golden Wedding Band and guest accordiungu/traconteur Geoff Berner

Thurs Oct 24 bluegrass latin jazz w/ Grdina/Smith/Holmes

Fri Oct 25 country/folk w/ JT King

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charts



what's being played at CTR 101.9fm



October Long Vinyl

1 Notes From Under...	S/T	Stutter
2 Interpol	Turn on...	Matador
3 Spoon	Kill The Moonlight	Merge
4 Danko Jones	Born A Lion	Universal
5 Zubot and Dawson	Chicken Scratch	True North
6 p:ano	When It's Dark...	Hive-Fi
7 Cinch	S/T	Stutter
8 Mecca Normal	The Family Swan	KRS
9 Operation Makeout	Hang Loose	Mint
10 RJD2	Dead Ringer	Definitive Jux
11 Sahara Hotnights	Jennie Bomb	Jet Set
12 Tegan and Sara	If It Was You	Superclose
13 Nasty On	City Sick	Stutter
14 Ron Sexsmith	Cobblestone Runway	Linus
15 Ladytron	Light And Magic	Norton
16 Sight	Got What...	Of Rome
17 Organ	Sinking Hearts	Global...
18 Nightmares on Wax	Mind Elevation	Warp
19 Low	Trust	Krunky
20 Apples in Stereo	Velocity Of Sound	Spin Art
21 Sleater-Kinney	One Beat	Kill Rock Stars
22 Prefuse 73	'92 Vs. '02	Warp
23 Amy Honey	S/T	Independent
24 Liams	They Threw Us All In...	Mute
25 Bangs	Call And Response	KRS
26 Black Rice	Rice Lightning	Independent
27 RFTC	Hot Charity/C&P	Swami
28 Microphones	Song Islands	K
29 Boom Bip	Seed To Sun	Lex
30 Queens of the Stone Age	Songs For...	Interscope
31 Fubar	OST	Aquarius
32 Radio	Disclosure Project	Independent
33 Riff Randells	S/T	Delmonica
34 Pixies	S/T	Sonic Unyon
35 Yeah Yeah Yeahs	S/T	Touch And Go

October Short Vinyl

1 New Town Animals	Fashion Fallout	Dirtnap
2 Frog Eyes/JWAB	Split	Global Symphonic
3 Calo Salsa	Picture...	Emperor Norton
4 The Spitfires	Juke Box High	Glazed
5 Kung Fu Killers	S/T	TKO
6 The Riffs	Such a Bore	TKO
7 Get Hustle	Who do...	Gravity
8 V/A	Presents...	Modern Radio
9 Destroyer	The Music Lovers	Sub Pop
10 Scat Rag	Boosters...	Zaxxon
11 The Cleats	Save Yourself	Longshot
12 Mirah	Small Scale	K
13 The Agenda	Are You...	Kindercore
14 Veal	I Hate...	Six Shooter
15 Lupine How	Don't Lose...	Vinyl Hiss
16 Chromatics/Monitor Bats	Split	GSL
17 The Evaporators	Honk...	Nardwar
18 Gene Delcon	Baby...	Modern Radio
19 The Lollies	Channel...	Evil World
20 Gentlemen of Horror	S/T	Independent

October Indie Home Jobs

1 Sharp Teeth	Complications
2 The Department	Be Your Friend
3 The Red Scare	Will Always Come For You
4 Barburn	Softserve
5 End This Week With Knives	Let's End This Here
6 Winks	April Fell
7 Collapsing Opposites	War and/or Peace
8 The Feminists	Me and My Army
9 Byronic Heroes	I'm a Drunk
10 Bend Sinister	Untitled
11 Hinterland	Destroy Destroyer
12 The Perms	So the Stories Go
13 Your Funeral	Wee Hours
14 Chris Lindsay Electronic	Free Trade
15 Felt Phallus	Slip It In
16 Jordan Mackenzie	If You Were My Girl...
17 The Organizers	Grannysmith
18 The Accident	Just Relax
19 Crop Circle	Mexican Cock Fight
20 Oddnoxious	Heart Races

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "October" charts reflect airplay over September). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

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The Station Manager shall work with and report to the Executive of CTR but ultimately shall be responsible to the Board of Directors of the Society.

The Station Manager shall:

- manage the day to day operations of the radio station;
- exercise guidance and leadership with respect to the operations of CTR while at the same time working harmoniously with the Executive;
- organize the volunteer membership of CTR;
- organize and attend meetings of CTR, the Executive and the Board as required;
- prepare an annual operating budget for the radio station;
- keep up to date on CRTC Regulations and ensure adherence by CTR to the same;
- assume responsibility for licence renewals;
- assist the Executive with long term planning for the Radio Station;
- organize special projects in connection with the Radio Station as required.

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SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-10:00PM RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhangras, and also Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TRANSCENDANCE 10:00PM-12:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the

latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical-transcendentalist.

THE SHOW 12:00-2:00AM
BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM **PARTS UNKNOWN** 1:00-3:00PM

Underground pop for the misuses with the occasional interlude with your host Chris.

FILL-IN 3:00-4:00PM

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscle.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the 'Brids.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Celebrate the triumphal return of DJ Vyb. Listen to DJ Vyb and Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Oct. 7: Celebrating the birthday of the most forward thinking Hammond organist in jazz, the late

Larry Young (Khalid Yasin) with Into Somethin' with Sam Rivers (tenor sax) and drum great Elvin Jones.

Oct. 14: Multi-talented Jimmy Giuffrè in concert with pianist Don Friedman and bassists Barre Phillips. Avant-garde jazz with warmth and melody.

Oct. 21: Celebrating the birthday of jazz giant Dizzy Gillespie, his trumpet, and big band with Dizzy at Newport. Note: This feature will start at 10:30pm.

Oct. 28: Soul Summit, a warm blast of sound by two of the most earthy tenor saxophonists in jazz—Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt along with brother Jack McDuff at the Hammond.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organic at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) on Friday nights.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its

derivatives with Arthur and 'The Lovely Andrea' Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deedee! than the most dangerous criminal!

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlep to, hosted by 'Coreen.

LA BOMBA alt. 11:30-12:30 First three Tuesdays of every month.

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM Where dead samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:30PM Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6 ^{AM}								6 ^{AM}
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	HIGHBRED VOICES	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED		9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	THE ANTIDOTE	PLANET LOVETRON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11								11
12 ^{PM}		GIRLFOOD LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD	BLUE MONDAY (G) LA BOMBA (W)	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH		GENERATION ANNIHILATION	12 ^{PM}
1	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	POWERCHORD	1
2			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW		2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	FILL-IN	ELECTRIC AVENUES (Ec) ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES (G)	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUAI PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	3
4	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING SAINT TROPEZ	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	MEAT EATING VEGAN (Ec)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (H) PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (H)	NECESSARY VOICES (Tk)	ELECTROLUX HOUR	4
5		CRASH THE POSE MY ASS (Ec)	10,000 VOICES (Tk)	FILL-IN	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SOUL TREE	5
6	QUEER FM	WIGFLUX RADIO	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY REPUCA REJECT	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR			6
7								7
8	RHYTHMSINDIA	THE JAZZ SHOW	SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOMEBASS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	8
9			VENUS FLYTRAP SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	WORLD HEAT	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	9
10	TRANSCENDANCE					MORNING AFTER SHOW	THE RED EYE EARWAX	10
11		VENGEANCE IS MINE!	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	BBC WORLD SERVICE		REGGAE LINKUP	11
12 ^{AM}				FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM				12 ^{AM}
1	THE SHOW							1
2								2
3	BBC WORLD SERVICE							3
4								4
5								5
6								6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM
 Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punx, down the Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.
<http://flexyourhead.vancouver-hardcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
slornden@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality (remixed). Smile. <sswanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM it could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the like it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00PM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@chanell88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.
www.necessaryvoices.org

FILL-IN 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, all country and more. Not a mirage!
cfolkies@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungrai "Chakka de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkship.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hard-core).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEEL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la

Velouria! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainably.com/dmox/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappy-attired host Gary Olsen. <rip-itup55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. <http://www.steps-detroit.com/birdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ann, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to <djska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWAAR THE HUMAN SERVICETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

A volunteer produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you.

"Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 4:00-8:00AM Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British edgy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNULIATION 12:00-1:00PM Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwayne, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nether degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 11:00PM-1:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haic with guest DJs and performers.

<http://plutonia.org>

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noise terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort do source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant where i live do jazz..." Out.

Guy Smiley

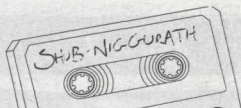
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B. •



**LISTEN LIVE ON-LINE
 WWW.CITR.CA**

datebook

what's happening in october



**SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE, THE DEADLINE
IS OCTOBER 28. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT
AND VENUE LISTINGS TO
604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>**

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4

UBC Symphony Orchestra featuring Bruce Henczel@Chan Centre; Carolyn Mack and Her Roommates@Railway Club; Doves, My Morning Jacket@Commodore; Shake City, Speed to Kill@Pic Pub; Subb, FiftyNutz, 1NS1PID@Brickyard; Neil Diamond@QM Place; I Mother Earth, Billy Talent, Peppersands, 30 Seconds to Mars@UBC Rec Centre; Detroit Cobras, KO and the Knockouts, The Dirtbombs@Crocodile (Seattle); Bob Dylan@Key Arena (Seattle); Michelle Rumball, Adrienne Pierce, Marcus Martin@The Main; Means to an End, Che: Chapter 127, Tribal Wzdom, Ryan Andrew Murphy, The Youngins@Video In (Benefit for the Youth Global Education Network)

SAT 5

The Gossip, A Luna Red, The Nona@Royal; Solar Baby, All Tribes Mission, Virgins in Hollywood@Railway Club; Wave of Mutilation, Clover Honey, My Project Blue@Pic Pub; J Cale, Loudon Wainwright III@Commodore; Dizzy Gillespie All-Stars@Chan Centre; (International) Noise Conspiracy, Promise Ring, Poison the Well@Showbox (Seattle); Cinch, Spitfires, Hollywood Hitlist, The Sweet Fuck All@Brickyard; Clay George, Dave Gowans, John Guliak@The Main

SUN 6

Standing Wave@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; Cave Catt Sammy@Marine Club; Dalek, Issa@Graceland (Seattle); Sharks@Canucks; Three Years Down, KO and the Knockouts, The Gung Ho@Pic Pub

MON 7

De La Soul@Atlantis; Tom Petty@David Letterman's

TUE 8

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG!@RAILWAY CLUB; The Art of Mecca Normal (performance and workshop)@Western Front; Ravi Shankar@Orpheum; Gomez@Commodore

WED 9

The Art of Mecca Normal (performance and workshop)@Western Front; Guttermouth, Authority Zero, 1208@Richard's; Safe@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; Dimitri from Paris@Lucia; Queens of the Stone Age, Dillinger Escape Plan, The Icarus Line@Showbox (Seattle); Bad Wizard, Spreadeagle@Pic Pub

THUR 10

The Art of Mecca Normal (performance and workshop)@Western Front; Hard Rubber Orchestra, Hugh Fraser@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; Canucks@Flames; Sandman, Jen Grady@The Main; Jerk With a Bomb, Love Life, Kill Me Tomorrow@Pic Pub

FRI 11

The Art of Mecca Normal@Western Front; Mecca Normal, El Guapo, Black Rice@Pic Pub; 54-40, Alarbell@Commodore; Joseph Arthur@Richard's; The Greasy Kings@The Main; Lederhosen Lucif, The Ewoks@Ms. T's; Bon Jovi@Today Show

SAT 12

The Art of Mecca Normal (performance and workshop)@Western Front; Mr Show@Vogue; 54-40, Salteens@Commodore; Supreme Beings of Leisure, Baldwin Brothers@Richard's; Non-Pixion, Thr Beatnuts@I-Spy (Seattle); Sharks@Canucks; Spygirl@St. James Community Square; Swank@The Main; Shake City, Quincy Quic Cremona@Pic Pub; Shellac, Nina Nastasia@Knitting Factory

SUN 13

Violent Femmes@Commodore; I Put a Spell on You@Blinding Light

MON 14

Flames@Canucks; I Put a Spell on You@Blinding Light!!

TUE 15

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG!@RAILWAY CLUB; Jack Johnson, Alan Davis@Orpheum; Sevenstudios@Commodore; Pleasasea@Richard's; Enon, Hello Sequence@Pic Pub

WED 16

String Cheese Incident, Alpha Yaya Diallo@The Centre; Masoi Jennings, Dammwells@Richard's (Early Show); The Slip@Richard's (Late Show); Bruins@Canucks

THUR 17

String Cheese Incident, Alpha Yaya Diallo@The Centre; Nev Deal@Richard's; Hollywood Hit List, Smeagol@Pic Pub

FRI 18

Just for Laughs Comedy Tour@Orpheum; Pedro the Lion, Seldor Scientific@Richard's; Jurassic 5, Planet Asia@Commodore; Canucks@Anuslime Mighty Fucks; Leah Abramson, Ken McAllister@The Main; The Sparrow, The Secret Three@Blindin Light!!

SAT 19

Antonio Sardi de Letto@UBC Recital Hall; Oktoberfest@Commodore; Dreams Come True@Orpheum; Bright Eyes, M Ward, Th

Bruce@Richard's; Rebecca Gates, Sally Timms@Chop Suey (Seattle); Spoon, Treasure State, Oranges@Crackd (Seattle); Canucks@Kings; Ryeatchers, Slow Nerve Action@Pic Pub (UBC); Golden Wedding Band, Geoff Berner@The Main; Speeddealer, The Ones, Hi-Test@Pic Pub; Melt@Banana@Pat's Pub

SUN 20

The Strokes, Sloan@Orpheum; Mr. Scruff@Sonar; Hard Soul Review, The DT's, Makeout Choir, Honky Meters@Pic Pub

MON 21

Canucks@Sharks; Essence of the Sea@AMS Art Gallery; The Hangmen, Widows, Rumours@Pic Pub

TUE 22

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG!@RAILWAY CLUB; U-zig@Moore Theatre (Seattle); Essence of the Sea@AMS Art Gallery

WED 23

Essence of the Sea@AMS Art Gallery; Glass Candy@Pic Pub

THUR 24

Peaches, Chicks on Speed, Tracy and the Plastics, WIT, DJ Larry Tee@Sonar; Borealis String Quartet@UBC Recital Hall; Amos Tobin, Prefuse 73, Bonobo, DJ P Love@Commodore; Do Make Say Think, Fly Pan Am@Richard's; Anuslime Mighty Fucks@Canucks; Essence of the Sea@AMS Art Gallery; Grdina, Smith Holmes@The Main; Brundlie, Paper Moon@Pic Pub; Vancouver New Music Festival@Sugar Refinery, Western Front, Scotiabank Dance Centre; Rush@MSG (New York)

FRI 25

Chris Murray Combo, The Hoodwinks; Nickelback, Default@Pacific Coliseum; Bobby Previte's Bump@Capilano College; JT King@The Main; Witness Protection Program, Che: Chapter 127, The Wolfnote, Dead@Pic Pub; Vancouver New Music Festival@Sugar Refinery, Western Front, SDC; Silk Worm@Beat Kitchen (Chicago)

SAT 26

Beenieman@Commodore; Stars@Canucks; Hard Rock Miners@The Main; Spitfires, Midnight Thunder Express, The Seizures@Pic Pub; Demolition Dollrods@Pat's Pub; Vancouver New Music Festival@Sugar Refinery, Western Front, SDC; Calexico, Destroyer@Abbey Wood (Chicago)

SUN 27

Gwar@Commodore; Bodyslam@Blinding Light!!; Vancouver New Music Festival@Sugar Refinery, Western Front

MON 28

Veda Hille@Chilliwack Arts Centre; Campfire Girls, The Donnas, Your Enemies' Friends@Richard's; Amy Anelle, Zak Riles@The Main

TUE 29

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG!@RAILWAY CLUB; Ani DiFranco@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Tea Party@Orpheum; Hot Water Music, Thrice@Richard's; Sabres@Canucks

WED 30

An Evening of Gloom feat. Last Pen Sick Sow, Lee Hutzulak@Cat's Eye Cafe; Cineworks Salon de Refuse@Blinding Light!!

THUR 31

Avananche@Canucks; Faust, Eye of Newt@Blinding Light!!

special events

MELT BANANA SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19 PAT'S PUB

Melted Bananas are sick. Deep fried bananas are good. Melt Banana is SICK. They're from Japan. They'll be playing in East Van.

EAT ME: VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL OCTOBER 24-27 VARIOUS VENUES

Performances by Eyvind Kang, Amir Koushkhani, Nobukazu Takemura, Masa Anzai, Mimi's Ami, Alcvin Ramos, Ikue Mori, Martin Tétraut and more. Panel discussions, too. Go to www.newmusic.org for times and venues.

THE VANCOUVER CANUCKS, FUTURE STANLEY CUP CHAMPIONS *Jump the bandwagon now, kids. The Vancouver Canucks are going to win the cup this year; fuck.*

SHINDIG! EVERY TUESDAY RAILWAY CLUB

This is more fun than sitting at home, Asshole. Beer + Battle of the Bands = Fun.

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828
blinding light!! cinema	364 powell	604.878.3366
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
club 23	23 west cordova	
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crosstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
lulus life records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
lotus hotel	455 abbott	
the main cafe	4210 main	604.709.8555
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway	
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender	
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050
pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202
pat's pub	403 east hastings	604.255.4301

pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
royal	1029 granville	
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

DIVISION OF LAURALEE BLACKCITY



Go into Zulu Records and enter to win a Division of Laura Lee prize pack

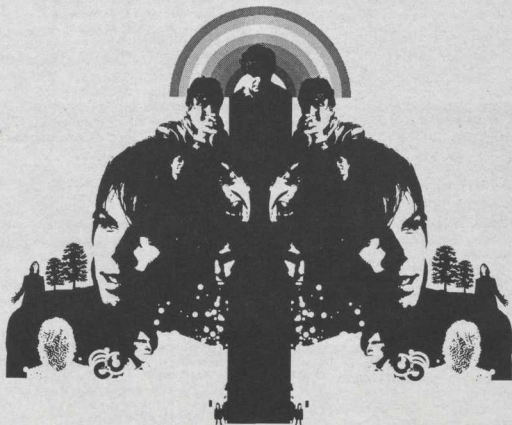


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HOT PUMPKINS! A bumper crop of bright orange goodness at Zulu

DESTROYER This Night CD/2LP

Transformation! The musicians change like ball players after halftime, rolling up their sleeves as they take the field. And in the stands, the seats above — anticipation, a muted questioning, Hey! Settle down — all's fair. So... how is it? Maybe a little more rock in the old slow roll that we already love. But what does this mean, exactly, that the header finesse and filigree is lost and gone for some proper lower-body romp and punch? Well, somewhat. But nothing is "missing," per se, and And besides, difference doesn't make a hierarchy. Maybe it's a little rougher and probably a bit sweeter but it's right and true for here and now. And the words, the coded messages to ponder, can we hear them, are they lost in noise? Please see next year's release: The "Inside Ident" of *Baniet Bejar*. Yes, this is a great record. DUE BY OCTOBER 8.

CD 16.98 2LP 19.98

FLAMING LIPS (Finally) the punk rockers are tak- ing!) Acid 3CD

Sometime in the early '80s in the heartland of the USA, a glowing silver-orange spaceport was seen repeatedly buzzing close to major city centers, like Oklahoma City. So many people saw this otherworldly craft firsthand that the media and the government had no choice but to investigate with an open mind, if with caution. They discovered many unexplainable occurrences, including plant mutations, human telekinetics, talking animals, melting cars, and sentient buildings. It was stunning, demanding a paradigm shift, a greater recognition of space and nature. Indeed, of all existence. Of course, the evidence was destroyed and the story covered up. At the same time, however, the *FLAMING LIPS* formed, starting what has become an amazing trip — and they continue to tell the forbidden truth of those fantastic events! Acid catalogues the *LIPS'* early years on three CDs of ET inspired rock. While supplies last. Acid comes with a "choice track" CD handpicked by lead astronaut, *Wayne Coyne*, including material from *Acid* and the upcoming *Eye* collection. Eyes to the sky! 3CD 39.98

PORCELAIN I've got a really important thing to do right now... CD

Night sky falls on the coast of Normandy and the tides rush silently across the flats. A particular serenity hangs like a desolate phantasm begging to be given a tune. Indeed, the music comes... Church-like organs blessed by guitar reverberations, deep rumbles and surreal passages of French poetry in translation. Duck down into tall grass and watch this sublime night pass! Introduce yourself to *PORCELAIN*, the latest sonic finding from the Zulu research team, who bridge the intercontinental sounds of *Low*, *Mogwai* and *Slur* Rest! An absorbing listen destined to invite you into obscurity.

CD 16.98

ALL PRICES IN EFFECT
UNTIL OCTOBER 31, 2002

GUIDED BY VOICES The Pipe Dreams of Instant Prince Whippet CD

These rock-pop aces turn on and then turn up their amps for another rousing session of classic rock music making. Well, actually it's a ten-track compilation of *Universal Truths and Cycles* and *Isolation Drills* era B-sides. But, transporting aside, the end result is the same of those of us who love *GBV* but don't have the pocketbook endurance to keep up with all the collectible bits and bobs they release on "7" or however. In any case, all you need to know is that this is a fine collection of manish and literate rock for smokers and drinkers and the people who love them. *GBV*, truly a cult phenomenon — like the *David Kershaw* of alterna-rock.

CD 16.98

LOW Trust CD/2LP

How can something become better and better by being worse and worse. Ask *LOW*. They never cheer up and we admire them for it. Our admiration and thanks is something other than cheap catharsis, however. It's closer to submitting to the sublime — a capitulation to something greater, something fully beautiful. And here *LOW* recognize something that most people don't or maybe they just better to believe. In any case, they're tapped into something completely and utterly emotionally right, even transcendent. Frankly, it's amazing. Ambience doesn't describe the stripped-down and haunting spaciousness of their music. And once *Alan Sparhawk* and *Mimi Parker* start singing and harmonizing... oh my, oh yes. Please buy this record and then buy it for everyone you know and love.

CD 16.98 2LP 20.98

SAINT ETIENNE Finistère CD/LP

Zulu has always endorsed the sweet and cool sounds of *SAINT ETIENNE*. Seems like every recording of theirs has happily received air-space from us. Here we go again! We really admire their European fan and all-round intelligent self-possession. They consistently do the right thing, as DJs, producers, performers, or whatever. They're always tasteful and fun — this is true for *Finistère*. Indeed, *Uncut* magazine has called this their best album since *Fuxabee Alpha*. Now, that's a pretty good record but we admit it's a strong argument. Needless to say, *SAINT ETIENNE* maintains so many long-term aficionados that we hardly need to say much more than "come and get it." Let the people decide! DUE OCTOBER 8.

CD/LP 16.98

BUTTON-DOWN BEATS Various Artists CD

When it comes to dance music, some say that Vancouver has a techno and house bias, filling the clubs with waving arms and showers of glitter dust. Probably — and there's nothing wrong with that, of course. However, it seems to us that the slower, groovier and headier stuff is maybe a true soundtrack for Vancouver nights — not always in the clubs, definitely at home. Wisely picking up on this always-growing interest, *Nordic Trax* delivers a great new collection of time down tempo tunes, featuring *Gavin Frowe*, *Morgan Page*, *Jon Delerious*, *Scott Findley*, *Tom Churchill*, and the always-terrific *Quadra* (who played live — and oh so tastefully — at Zulu just last month. Thanks again, guys).

CD 16.98



THIEVERY CORPORATION The Richest Man in Babylon CD/2LP

When the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame finally recognizes "down-tempo" as a fully legitimate genre, and they're eventually going to have to, then the *Thievery Corporation* should — no, must — receive a special tribute or monument of some kind. It better be huge and colourful! Anyway, what can we say — y'all love these guys! The carpet is already worn out near the bin where their section is kept (with the "electronic music" eh). And we all have blisters on our fingers from handling so many *Thievery Corporation* CDs and records. Man, it's tough work. But we understand and we're here for you. So here it is — another great and worldly recording from these Washington DC-based down-tempo giants. Everything you know and love, all dressed up in real nice and new. And with Christmas just around the corner... Ah, hell — buy it now!

CD/2LP 18.98

CX Tall, Dark & Handcuffed CD

You know how there's always that one crazy kid who'll eat anything? Well, this is like the soundtrack pumping through that kid's head as they shove the most upsetting stuff into their mouth without caution. Man, that's hardcore — hardcore *CX*! For those who love him already, you know the score. For everyone else, check this shit out. *Tigerbeat5* is the key label in the growing American new digital underground and *CX* is right up front shaking hands. Like label-mate and label-boss *Ride*, *CX* makes some unconventional stuff, sometimes fast and messed up, sometimes nice and sweetly melodic. And what a sense of humour this kid's got. Damn! And since he's stepped up to the mic, he's made his digital timeline that much more human and approachable. Mixing pop, hip-hop and way-out experimentation. *CX* will turn you on.

CD 18.98

BUCK 65 Square CD

Boy, we sure enjoyed *Man Overboard* round here. Seems like we listened to it twice a day for months. Still fresh and good each time, though, which is remarkable. This is, it's nice to hear some hip-hop that tries to be its own thing, that doesn't just copy the latest U.S. trend, or whatever. Good idea — make your own trends. Look, it paid off for *BUCK 65*. He's on a major now, somehow without a mainstream "fuck-up" yet, and the major's even re-releasing his entire back catalogue, as well. What the fuck? Maybe they're thinking *Buck* size bucks, a real cash in. Hell, whatever... Whiteness aside, there's not much to compare. Okay, so maybe he's a little bit kooky sometime but he's real deal. Good for you, *BUCK 65*, glad you put down the b-ball and became a b-boy instead. Good for us, too. DUE OCTOBER 8.

CD 16.98

20 YEARS OF DISCORD Various Artists 3CD

The good times and the bad times — that's what history is. For those of us of a certain age and with a long connection to punk, this anniversary collection is somewhat interesting. Wow, 1980 to 2000. However, with 73 songs, one from every *Discord* artist ever, plus lots of unreleased material, this is a pretty sweet compensation for so much passed time. Listening back, it still sounds awfully good and still hard: rousing anthems, boiling emotions and full-on punk style punchy pop punk. And the deluxe, 134 page booklet helps make this, um, "mash down memory lane" that much more vivid and informative. But you know, history doesn't stop — just like the venerable *Discord* label. This set is also a great introduction to never *Discord* artists, too. Looking back, looking forward, always rocking out. DUE OCTOBER 7.

3CD 34.98

SQUAREPUSHER Do You Know Squarepusher 2CD/LP

You know, it's time to break new aesthetic ground. Fresh sounds and styles are tough to come by. Deep formal invention is especially difficult to accomplish. No wonder so much pop culture is often mainly the continual reorganization of already recognized stuff. Paradoxically, sometimes a focused program can help push change from the inside out. For example, *Squarepusher* somehow manages to make exciting new music by being doggedly persistent, even oddly traditionalist. His left-field explorations into drum and bass reveal a new path from old signs. The quality of his programming is breathtaking, crossing drum and bass intensity with musique concrete inventiveness. Still, no matter how far out *SQUAREPUSHER* gets, and he goes pretty far, he's always musical, even funky. And check the *Jay Division* cover! This 2CD set also comes with a live set of *SQUAREPUSHER* in Japan.

2CD/LP 18.98

BLACK HEART PROCESSION Amore Del Tropic CD/LP

BLACK HEART PROCESSION has developed a uniquely dark and theatrical Americana, a singular mixture of *Calexico*, *Palace*, *Tindersticks*, *Angelo Badalamenti* and then some. It's a bit scary but totally enticing. Like a *David Lynch* film, there seems to be a narrative, a sense of purpose but it's obscured and shadowy, slowly revealing itself in pieces and oblique gestures, as if atmosphere alone constitutes plot. To be sure, they've been at this for some time; they know what they're doing. But this is a new level, a real achievement, with occasional moody strings and a sweet chorus of fallen angels embellishing the tried and true *BLACK HEART* approach. From old tropics to ruined country, *Amore Del Tropic* is a noir masterpiece. DUE OCTOBER 10.

CD/LP 16.98

AMON TOBIN Out From Where CD/2LP

Vancouver loves *AMON TOBIN*. His brand of big beat-*MiJa* Tune-Latin flavored-drum and bass-down-tempo music is as right as rain or a weekend — something so typically and suitably Vancouver that it could be spun into a sales angle for the BC tourism industry. Also like rain, *TOBIN*'s massively dance-friendly music gets people, ahem, wet. Wet from excitement or exertion, and usually both, depending on the circumstances (and innocently enough we mean because of *DANCING*, you little perverts). In a way, this is also something true about Vancouver: all things considered we possess a fairly liberal, "goodtime" attitude, city councils and provincial politics aside. Basically, we just wanna have fun, is all. Hey Vancouver, here's some more goodtime music to help blow away the weekend clouds. And hey again, isn't he playing here soon? DUE OCTOBER 10.

CD/2LP 16.98

OTHER SEASONAL SQUASHES AND TURNERS

DJ VADIM-U.S.S.R: The Art of Listening

ESG: Step Out

FATBOY SLIM- Big Beach Boutique II

MECCA NORMAL- The Family Swan

NEGATIVELAND- Death Sentences... Book & CD

PEACHES- Teaches of Peaches 2CD Re-issue

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS- Jennie Bomb

SOFT BOYS- Nextdoorland

SUTHERN INCENT

THEMESelves- The Mo Music

Various Artists- FRENCH GIRLS

Various Artists- MORR MUSIC: BLUE SKIED AN' CLEAR

ZULU IN THE AFTERNOON: This month's Sunday in-store performances

A fresh face but an old soul, Vancouver's remarkable *Jon-Rae Fletcher* plays some mighty fine old-time music, **Sunday, October 20 at 4:00 pm.** Let the flock gather, hear the good word.

The first annual **Zulu Laptop Derby!** If you laptop jockey, you want to play at Zulu? Okay, let's do it. You bring your laptop and we'll plug you in. That's right, **BYOL!** Yes indeed, it's as easy as that — almost. Ask for details in the store! **Sunday, October 27 at 3:00** (please note the earlier time!).



Zulu Records

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STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00

Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00

Sat 9:30-6:30

Sun 12:00-6:00